

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWSPAPER

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Beautiful New and Thrilling Tale.

We commence in the present number

A Splendid New Tale,

replete with deep interest and exciting incident. It is exquisitely

written, and leads the reader on from chapter to chapter by a golden thread of rare and curiously conceived plot, the interest of which increases as it develops. This new Tale is

One of the Greatest Works of the Day.

We earnestly commend its perusal to our readers—it will repay them tenfold.

MY GOLDEN SKELETON.

CHAPTER I.—HOW I BECAME HAUNTED.

I WAS a very little boy, with light flaxen hair, dull blue eyes, and (I blush to add) remarkably weak knees. I was, I say, a delicate little

(Continued on page 166.)



BATTLE OF RICH MOUNTAIN, BETWEEN THE U. S. FORCES UNDER GENERAL MORRIS OF MAJOR-GENERAL M'CLELLAN'S COMMAND AND THE SECESSION TROOPS UNDER COLONEL PEGRAM—THE THIRTIETH INDIANA REGIMENT CHARGING DOWN THE PIKE IN THE FACE OF A LARGE BODY OF REBEL TROOPS, CAPTURING A CANNON WHICH THEY WERE ENDEAVORING TO CARRY FROM THE FIELD.—FROM A SKETCH BY ONE SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING MAJOR-GENERAL M'CLELLAN'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 163.

GREAT BATTLES IN VIRGINIA.

Advance of the Federal Army on Manassas Junction.

BRILLIANT VICTORY OF THE FEDERAL TROOPS AT
BULL'S RUN.

THE ENEMY RETREATS TOWARDS MANASSAS JUNCTION.

The advance of the Grand Federal Army towards Manassas Junction was the signal of great rejoicing throughout the loyal part of the country. Successively as they advanced, the rebels retreated before them, and Fairfax Court House and Centerville fell into the hands of our troops, and on Saturday morning, at half past two, the whole army, with the exception of the reserve, advanced towards Bull's Run, which was strongly fortified by masked batteries, and is about three and a half miles in advance of Manassas Junction. The advancing army numbered forty-five thousand men.

The Union Army advanced from Centerville in three columns at three o'clock on Sunday morning. Col. Richardson commanded the column by the road to Bull's Run, where the action of Thursday took place, and Colonel Miles lay on the road and at Centerville to support him.

General Tyler commanded the centre division, which took the Warrenton road, General Schenck and Colonel Sherman being in advance. He had the three Connecticut regiments, two from Michigan, two from Wisconsin, and the Sixty-ninth and Seventy-ninth from New York. General McDowell, with Colonel Hunter and a very powerful division, went out on this road, which leads directly forward to Manassas, crossing Bull's Run by a stone bridge, which had been mined.

The attack by these two points was intended mainly as a feint. The real attack was by Hunter, who took a narrow road two miles out leading to the right, having Hunt's and the Rhode Island batteries, and leaving Colonel Keyes at the centre at the crossing of the roads as a reserve. His orders were to proceed high up the stream, cut himself a path through the woods, cross over, and turn the position of the rebels on the north.

At ten minutes before six the centre halted about a mile this side of the position of the rebels. The Sixty-ninth and Seventy-ninth Regiments of New York were thrown to the right, in the woods, and the First and Second Ohio and the Second New York to the left in advance.

The thirty-pound Parrott gun was planted in the middle of the road, and at ten minutes past six it threw two shells into the battery of the enemy, but without eliciting any response. Ten minutes after firing was heard on the left from Richardson's column, which was continued at intervals for two hours, but without eliciting any reply.

At twenty minutes to eight Ayer's battery, formerly Sherman's, fired five or six rounds into the enemy, but without response. At a quarter before nine shots were rapidly exchanged between the opposing skirmishers, and Gardner, of Lacroix, belonging to the Rhode Island regiment, was reported killed.

At about ten o'clock heavy clouds of dust showed that reinforcements were coming up to the rebels from Manassas, and was continued through the next three or four hours.

At eleven o'clock Ayer's battery went to the front; the Sixty-ninth, New York, was ordered to deploy into the field in front, and firing was heard from Hunter's division, on the extreme right, far in advance.

The Ohio regiments were rushed forward with the Second New York, and ran up in a masked battery of four guns, which killed and wounded quite a number of both. Of the latter, Michael McCarty, Sergeant of Company H, was wounded, and afterwards was reported dead. Lieutenant Demsey received a slight wound. Some twenty or thirty of the Ohio regiment broke and ran, but the rest stood firm, as did the Second New York.

Carlie's battery was brought to the front on the right, and soon drove the rebels out of the masked battery.

It was now half-past eleven o'clock, when Hunter's column appeared across the Run, advancing on the flank of the rebels, and the engagement soon became very active in his position. He kept steadily advancing, pouring in a steady fire of artillery and musketry.

The whole brigade under Tyler was ordered forward to his support. The Sixty-ninth and Seventy-ninth New York, the First, Second and Third Connecticut, and the Second Wisconsin were sent in. A constant roll of musketry marked Hunter's advance, and the artillery from our column played incessantly on the flank of the rebels. So far as could be seen the latter were pushed backward a considerable distance to the road directly in front of where I stood, across which they charged twice with the bayonet upon our troops, but were repulsed each time. Our men crossed the road and poured in upon them a terrible fire of artillery and musketry.

The most gallant charge of the day was made by the New York Sixty-ninth, Seventy-ninth and Thirtieth, who rushed up upon one of the batteries, firing as they proceeded, with perfect effect, and attacking it with the bayonet's point. The yell of triumph seemed to carry all before it. They found that the rebels had abandoned the battery, and only taken one gun, but this success was acquired only after a severe loss of life, in which the Sixty-ninth most severely suffered, and it was reported that Lieutenant-Colonel Nugent was amongst the first killed.

The Zouaves also distinguished themselves by their spirited assaults on the batteries at the point of the bayonet, but it is feared that their loss is immense.

A Mississippi soldier was taken prisoner by Hasbrouck, of the Wisconsin Second regiment. He turned out to be Brigadier-Quartermaster Pryor, cousin to Roger A. Pryor. He was captured, with his horse, as he by accident rode into our lines. He discovered himself by remarking to Hasbrouck, "We are getting badly cut to pieces." "What regiment do you belong to?" asked Hasbrouck. "The Nineteenth Mississippi," was the answer. "Then you are my prisoner," said Hasbrouck.

From the statements of this prisoner, it appears that our artillery has made great havoc among the rebels, of whom there are from 30,000 to 40,000 in the field, under command of General Beauregard, while they have a reserve of 75,000 at the Junction.

He describes an officer most prominent in the fight, distinguished from the rest by his white horse, as Jeff Davis. He confirms the previous reports of a regiment of negro troops in the rebel forces, but says that it is difficult to get them to proper discipline in battle a day.

The position of the enemy extended in three lines, in the form of a triangle, the apex fronting the centre of our column. The area seemed to have been filled with masked batteries.

According to the latest bulletins received at headquarters at Washington, the rebels were finally compelled to retire with precipitation from their position, and fell back behind their Manassas lines—some accounts say with the loss of all their ordnance and equipments. Our latest advices direct from the battlefield have the fight still in progress, but there seems to be no doubt, from the nature of the latest official bulletins, that the success of the National arms has been complete. The losses in killed and wounded on our side are very heavy—those of the rebels must have been fearful, from the superior nature of our arms and the rapidity and precision with which they were served.

scarcely had we put the above in type when rumors of a terrible disaster reached us, which told of the

Route and Defeat of the Federal Army.

We could scarcely credit the telegrams as they arrived, but we were at length compelled to realize the sad intelligence, that after its first advance with such an extraordinary success, it met with a defeat of the most disastrous character.

Many confused statements are prevalent, but enough is known to warrant the statement that we have suffered in a degree which has cast a gloom over the remnants of the army, and excited the deepest melancholy in Washington.

The carnage is tremendously heavy on both sides, and on ours it is represented as frightful. We were advancing, and taking their masked batteries gradually, but surely, and by driving the enemy towards Manassas Junction, when they seem to have been reinforced by General Johnson, who, it is understood, took command and immediately commenced driving us back, when a panic among our troops suddenly occurred, and a regular stampede took place.

It is thought that General McDowell undertook to make a stand at or about Centerville, but the panic was so fearful that the whole army became demoralized, and it was impossible to check them, either at Centerville or at Fairfax Court House.

General McDowell intended to make another stand at Fairfax Court House, but our forces being in full retreat he could not accomplish the object.

Beyond Fairfax Court House the retreat was kept up until the men reached their regular encampments, a portion of whom returned to them, but a still larger portion coming inside the entrenchments.

A large number of the troops in their retreat fell on the way side from exhaustion, and scattered along the route all the way from Fairfax Court House.

The road from Bull's Run was strewn with knapsacks, arms, &c. Some of our troops deliberately threw away their guns and appurtenances, the better to facilitate their travel.

General McDowell was in the rear of the retreat, exerting himself to rally his men, but only with partial effect.

The latter part of the army, it is said, made their retreat in order. He was completely exhausted, having slept but little for three nights. His orders on the field did not at all times reach those for whom they were intended.

It is supposed that the force sent out against our troops consisted, according to a prisoner's statement, of about 30,000 men, including a large number of cavalry. He further says that owing to reinforcements from Richmond, Skansburg and other points, the enemy's effective force was 30,000 men.

According to the statement of two Fire Zouaves they only have about two hundred men left from the slaughter, while the Sixty-ninth and other regiments frightfully suffered in killed and wounded. The number cannot now be known.

Sherman's, Carlie's, Griffin's and the West Point batteries were taken by the enemy, and the eight siege and 32 rifle cannon, the latter being too cumbersome to remove. They were two miles the other side of Centerville. Such of the wounded as were brought to the Centerville hospital were left there, after having their wounds properly dressed by Surgeon Frank H. Hamilton.

The panic was so great that the attempt to rally them to a stand at Centerville was entirely in vain. If a firm stand had been made there, our troops could have been reinforced and much disaster prevented. General McDowell was thus foiled in his well-arranged plans.

The cause of the panic is variously stated, but it seems to have originated in the following manner: All our military operations went swimmingly on, and Colonel Alexander was about erecting a pontoon across Bull's Run.

The enemy were seemingly in retreat, and their batteries being unmasked one after another, when a terrific consternation broke out among the testaments, who had incautiously advanced immediately after the body of the army, and lined the Warrenton road.

Their consternation was shared in by numerous civilians who were on the ground, and for a time it seemed as if our whole army was in retreat.

Many baggage wagons were emptied, and their horses galloped across the open fields; all the fences of which were torn down to allow them a more rapid retreat.

For a time a perfect panic prevailed, which communicated itself to the vicinity of Centerville, and every available conveyance was seized upon by agitated civilians. Wounded soldiers cried on the road side for assistance, but the alarm was so great that numbers were passed by.

Several similar alarms occurred on previous occasions, when a change of batteries rendered the retirement of the artillery on our part necessary, and it is most probable that the alarm was owing to the same fact.

The reserve force at Centerville was immediately brought up and marched in double quick step in the following order:

Colonel Einstein's Twenty-seventh Pennsylvania regiment, with two guns.

The Garibaldi Guards and Colonel Blenker's first rifle regiment, with its batteries, followed at several miles distant by the DeKalb Regiment.

Two new masked batteries had been opened by the Secessionists on the left flank, and that position of the division had its lines broken and demanded immediate re-enforcement.

The right was in good order. The battery erected on the hill-side, directly opposite the main battery of the enemy, was doing good execution, and additional guns were being mounted.

The army in its retreat from Centerville was protected in rear by Colonel Miles's reserve.

It is impossible at the time of going to press to procure a positively reliable account of the retreat, the cause of the retreat, the amount of the casualties, or whether the enemy had retired to their fastnesses or were in pursuit of our retreating forces. To account rationally for such a panic as is said to have seized upon the advance army seems to be hopeless. The daring and sublime courage which they exhibited the day previous forbids for one moment the idea of cowardice; they then dared death in a thousand forms, nothing stayed their impetuosity, and yet in a moment a mortal fear seems to have been communicated from regiment to regiment all through the whole body, and the masses fled like sheep following their leader in very blindness of fear. A day or two will explain this strange mystery, and until then we must be content to know that the Union army has suffered a terrible defeat, which the honor of our people demands shall be speedily and thoroughly avenged, and the memory of it wiped out by a victory which shall determine the fate of the Rebel army in Virginia.

There can be no doubt that we have been fearfully overmatched; that our gallant fellows were combating one against two; but there odds would have mattered little but for that mysterious panic which at this distance we can neither understand nor account for. While our army was barely forty-five thousand men, the enemy numbered full ninety thousand, protected by immensely strong lines and by numerous and powerful masked batteries.

The loss on both sides is said to be terrible. The lowest accounts place the loss of each army at between twenty-five hundred and three thousand men, or six thousand in all. This is assuredly the most terrible and bloody battle ever fought on this Continent, and the saddest phase of it is that it is, so far as we know at present, without any positive results, excepting that it will raise the whole North as one man, and cause an army of overwhelming proportions to be thrown upon Virginia, when a bloodier and more terrible conflict will ensue, involving the certain defeat of the brave but misguided force in arms against their country.

LATER DESPATCH.

Overwhelming Rebel Re-enforcement.

It is known that on the day previous to the battle a large number of troops publicly protested against being led by General Schenck, and it was only through the importunities of Colonel McCook, in whom they placed all confidence, and others, that they were prevented from making a more formidable rebellion.

The Pennsylvania Fourth was not in the action, having left for home on the morning of the battle, their term of service having expired.

It was known to our troops at the time of the battle yesterday that Johnson's forces had formed a connection with Beauregard on the night of the first action at Bull's Run.

Our men could distinctly hear the cars coming into Manassas Junction, and the cheers with which the Confederates hailed their newly arriving comrades. They knew that the enemy was our superior in number, and in their own position.

These facts were further confirmed by prisoners taken, deserters and spies, but were not probably known at Washington, and the officers, in leading our men into action, only obeyed orders.

General Schenck, as well as the older field officers, acted admirably. He collected his forces and covered the retreat, and up to the last moment was personally engaged in the endeavor to rally his men to make a stand at Centerville.

It was the arrival of fresh re-enforcements to the enemy in superior numbers that turned the scale of battle.

The enemy, before now, might perhaps have more to boast of if they had followed up their advantage last night.

The Killed and Wounded.

Lieutenant Colonel Fowler, of New York Fourteenth.

Colonel Lawrence, of Fifth Massachusetts regiment; Captain Ellis of Seventy-ninth New York, badly.

Colonel Farnham and Major Cregier, of the Zouaves, are not killed, but badly wounded.

The Seventy-first New York lost about half their men.

Colonel Cameron of the Seventy-ninth N. Y. V., killed.

Reported killed—Lieutenant Colonel Nugent and Captain Thomas Francis Meagher, of the Sixty-ninth N. Y. S. M.

The following Regiments were Engaged in the Fight:

The First, Second and Third Connecticut regiments.

The First regiment of Regulars, composed of the Second, Third and Eighth companies.

Two hundred and fifty marines.

The Eighth and Fourteenth New York Militia.
The First and Second Rhode Island.
The Seventy-first New York.
The Second New Hampshire.
The Fifth Massachusetts.
The First Minnesota.
The First Michigan.
The Eleventh and Thirty-ninth New York.
The Second, Fourth and Fifth Maine, and
The Second Vermont Regiments,
besides the several batteries.

LATEST NEWS FROM THE BATTLE FIELD.

Gen. McDowell behaved with admirable gallantry. He was continually in the front of the battle, and made his reconnaissance in person, and issued his orders with coolness and courage; but the bravery of the commanding officers was unavailing to arrest a panic beginning in the rear.

The Fire Zouaves fought like devils. Their heroism in repelling a charge of cavalry, while they were charging upon one of the batteries, is the theme of universal admiration.

The New York Seventy-first, Fourteenth and Twenty-seventh fought with wonderful gallantry.

The Minnesota and Maine regiments won the praise of all. They were mowed down like grass by the batteries upon which they advanced. The flag of the Minnesota regiment was riddled by the bullets of the enemy.

Col. Slocum of the Second Rhode Island regiment was killed by a shot in the head.

Col. Wilcox of the First Michigan regiment was wounded and taken prisoner. Col. Wood of the Fourteenth New York regiment, wounded and taken prisoner.

The following is a list of the wounded brought from the battle-field at Bull's Run to the Government Hospital up to eight p. m. Monday.

Second Wisconsin Regiment—Company—Wm. S. Lynch; Company E, J. Hamer, A. Bugbee, W. House, Harvey McDaniel, Henry R. McCollum, T. D. Blaine, Samuel N. Bond; Company K, Cornelius Lebriver; Company C, Corporal C. C. Dew, Lieut. A. A. Meredith.

Twentieth New York Regiment—Company F, A. McVane; Company A, James A. Gall.

First Connecticut Regiment—Company A, J. W. Burgess, Charles C. Lills; Company C, Charles McElroy.

Thirty-eighth New York Regiment—Company H, Barney Millican.

Seventy-ninth New York Regiment—Company F, Lieut. J. B. St. Clair, Corporal John Frazer, J. Mitchell, Sergeant Macomb; Company B, R. Black.

Sixteenth New York Regiment—Company D, J. Sullivan; Company C, Christopher Cumming.

Second Maine Regiment—Company F, James Cord.

Third Minnesota Regiment—Company H, Wm. Jenkins, severely.

Second Rhode Island Battery—C. D. Gladding.

Eleventh New York Regiment—Company G, Michael Maher.

Fourteenth New York Regiment—Company G, Henry Ames.

Second New York Regiment—Company C, D. Reilly.

Second United States Artillery—Company E, C. Erbaugh.

Fourth Maine Regiment—Company B, E. R. Blackington; Company K, Wm. H. Gardner.

Third Connecticut Regiment—Company H, Jacob Schrott; Company K, Thos. S. Winton.

Second Michigan Regiment—Company C, Horace Dingman.

All in this hospital are slightly wounded, except Jenkins, whose thigh is terribly torn, probably by a grape-shot. The Minie ball by which Burgess was wounded in the left arm lodged in his watch, where it is very curiously wedged among the works.

The following comprises the killed and wounded in the Fourteenth New York Regiment, Colonel Wood, as far as ascertained:

Killed—Company B, Fagan, McManus, Mansfield; Company D, Horn; Company E, Davenport, Wade, Shields; Company C, Ensign Road, Brown; Company F, Schell, Kelly, Sullivan, McCarty, Diez, Smith, Fay, Morrow, Fesse, Baldwin and Scott.

Wounded—Company C, Ten Eyck, Hicks, McLean, Snyder, Dwyne, DeWitt; Company D, McIlung; Company E, Henry Ames; Company F, Prescott, Adams, Middleton.

Twenty men in other companies were slightly wounded.

Of the battalion of United States Marines, Major Zeilen, commanding Company A, was twice wounded; Lieutenant Hitchcock killed, Lieutenant Hale wounded. Only seventy out of three hundred and fifty of the marines have as yet returned to the barracks. As they are chiefly new recruits, they are probably scattered about, but neither killed nor wounded.

It is already ascertained that the number of killed and wounded has been greatly exaggerated. It is believed now that the killed on our side will be between three and five hundred.

Captain B. H. Tilligbaast, Assistant Quartermaster, United States Army, is reported dead.

Captain Ayres, United States Army, is not taken prisoner, nor killed, as reported.

The whole of Sherman's battery is saved.

Colonel Blenker, commanding a brigade in the division of Colonel Miles, which brought up the rear of the retreating column, picked up on the way the guns of Burnside's Second Rhode Island Regiment, that had been left behind, and brought them in. The horses had been detached for the purpose of bringing in the wounded.

Mon. A. B. Ely, of the Rochester district, and his companion on the field, Mr. Ring, recently employed on Appleton's Encyclopedia, have not been heard of since the battle. They were last seen near one of our batteries, and are supposed to have been taken prisoners.

The following officers of the Seventy-ninth Regiment are reported killed: R. J. Shillinglaw, Captain Company I; David Morrison, Captain Company E; William Munson, Captain Company A; David Brown, Captain Company B.

Captain Griffin lost sixty of the horses attached to his battery, but brought away one gun and the force.

Senator Wade has arrived at Washington. He left two divisions of the army at Centerville. The army remained within their entrenchments.

General Tyler had thrown up entrenchments at Centerville. There was no prospect of an attack. Governor Sprague visited the battery of the Second Rhode Island Regiment on the field.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

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THIRTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS.

EXTRA SESSION.

Senate, July 15.—John W. Forney received 26 out of 36 votes, and was elected Secretary to the Senate. The Army Bill was passed. The \$250,000,000 Loan Bill was then considered. A bill was introduced for confiscating the property of rebels.

July 16.—A petition from Marshall O. Roberts was presented, demanding indemnification for the loss of the Star of the West. The resolution approving the acts of the President was then introduced. This proved the text upon which Mr. Breckinridge discoursed at considerable length, rehearsing the old arguments against the right of the Government to put down rebellion, which have a thousand times been successfully refuted. In the course of his remarks, however, he took occasion to deny positively that he had ever telegraphed to Jeff. Davis that President Lincoln's Congress would not be allowed to meet in Washington on the 4th of July, or that Kentucky would furnish 7,000 armed men for the rebel army. After some discussion by other members, the subject was postponed, and the Naval Appropriation Bill was passed.

July 17.—A memorial was presented by Pearce, of Maryland, from Kane, Morrill and others, protesting their innocence. The Naval Bill was then discussed.

July 18.—Mr. Powell, of Kentucky, opposed the Military Bill, proposing an amendment that the army and navy should not be used to subjugate the South. Mr. Sherman made an eloquent and crushing reply.

July 19.—The proceedings were quite unimportant, being confined to matters relative to soldiers' letters, &c.

JULY 20.—After the presentation of resolutions and petitions, Mr. Hale presented a bill, which was laid over, to increase the medical corps of the navy. Mr. Johnson, of Tennessee, introduced a bill, which was referred to the Committee on Military Affairs, providing for the transportation of arms and munitions of war to loyal citizens in States now in rebellion, and for the military organization of such citizens for defence. The resolution approving the acts of the President was subsequently taken up, and Mr. Latham, of California, addressed the Senate at considerable length in support of all those acts, with the exception of the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus in Maryland. He administered a marked rebuke to Mr. Breckinridge and the other apologists of Secession on the floor. The subject was finally postponed until Monday, and the Senate went into Executive Session.

HOUSE, JULY 15.—A resolution requesting the Secretary of the Navy to supply a sufficient force to suppress rebel privateering was adopted. Ben. Wood, of New York, offered a resolution providing for a National Convention, to devise measures for the restoration of peace to the country. It was laid on the table by a vote of 92 to 51. Bills to increase the efficiency of the army were reported and referred. A select committee was ordered on the subject of a general bankrupt law, to report to the next session of Congress. Mr. Vallandigham offered resolutions condemning the President's action in reference to the war, but they were promptly laid on the table. A bill to define and punish conspiracy was passed by a vote of 123 to 7. A resolution was adopted directing the withholding of money due on account of the steamer Catalina until the Select Committee on Contracts report thereon. A resolution directing the Committee on Elections to inquire whether Hon. Henry May, a member from Maryland, has been holding criminal intercourse with the rebels, and to report what course should be taken in the premises, was adopted. The Senate's amendments to the Volunteer Bill were concurred in, and the House adjourned.

JULY 16.—A bill was introduced for the more efficient blockade of the rebel ports. The Senate bill, authorizing the President to accept the services of 500,000 volunteers, was reported by Mr. Blair, from the Military Committee, with a proviso allowing the President to select the Major and Brigadier-Generals from the line, and pass it. The Senate's amendments to the Loan Bill were all concurred in, and the bill went to the President for his signature. The House then passed a unanimous vote of thanks to Gen. McClellan and his officers and men, for recent brilliant victories, and subsequently considered and passed the bill to promote the efficiency of the volunteer forces.

JULY 17.—The Hon. Henry May, of Maryland, whose recent visit to Richmond has caused so much conversation, then took his seat. The Tariff Bill was discussed.

JULY 18.—Mr. May made an explanation of his visit to Richmond. He defended Kane and the Police Commissioners. The general opinion of the House was, that Mr. May had better have stayed in Richmond and taken his seat in the Rebel Congress. The bill for increasing the Regular Army was then passed.

JULY 19.—Mr. Crittenden, of Ky., asked leave to submit resolutions declaring the present civil war had been forced on us by the Democrats of the Southern States now in rebellion against the Government of the United States; that in this national emergency, Congress, banishing all feelings of passion and resentment, will recollect only their duty to their country; that the war is not waged for conquest or subjugation, or for interfering with the rights or established institutions of those States, but to maintain and defend the supremacy of the Constitution, with the rights and equality under it unimpaired; that as soon as these objects shall be accomplished the war ought to cease. Mr. Stevens objected to the introduction of the resolutions. The Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means announced that he had no more bills to report, and moved an adjournment till Monday, which was agreed to.

JULY 20.—There was no House to-day.

PRESIDENT DAVIS'S SPEECH.

Mr. DAVIS opened the Southern Congress on the 20th of July, with an address which is chiefly devoted to a critical review of President Lincoln's recent Message, part of which he endeavors to controvert. The most interesting part is the statement that Major Taylor's late mission to Washington was to inform Mr. Lincoln that he would take a fearful vengeance on the unhappy prisoners in his hands, should he punish the pirates of the Savannah and other captured privateers. He declares that the Southern States are only fighting for their rights. There is, of course, no intimation of surrender in it. On two occasions he endeavors to appeal to the fears of his hearers by drawing a picture of the barbarities practised on women and children, which everybody knows is a most unblushing falsehood. The document is, as far as it has reached us, both unqualified and sanguinary.

THE BATTLE AT RICH MOUNTAIN, WESTERN VIRGINIA.

The victories achieved by Major-General McClellan's column at Rich Mountain and St. George's have proved of immense importance in their results. The Secession strength in that section of the country is nearly, if not entirely, broken up. The details of the battle at Rich Mountain have reached us, together with some brilliant sketches of the action from our Special Artist accompanying Major-General McClellan's command, which we present to our readers in our present issue.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

On the 8th the main column under General McClellan resumed their march towards Beverly. A reconnoitering party of fifty-eight men of the Third Regiment Ohio Volunteers, under Captain Lawson, who had been thrown in advance, received information of a small party of Secessionists holding Middlefork Bridge, and resolved to capture them if possible. They crossed the creek below the bridge and attacked the enemy, who were stationed on and around the bridge. No sooner, however, was the skirmish commenced, than a large body of the enemy made their appearance on the hill in their rear and forced them to fall back. The Secessionists withdrew at the advance of McClellan's force, which encamped at the bridge during the night. On Tuesday an advance was made to Roaring Run, where our troops again went into camp. On Wednesday afternoon a reconnoitering party consisting of the several companies of the Ninth Ohio regiment, under Colonel McCook, were sent out towards Rich Mountain, to discover the exact position and force of the enemy. The Ninth Ohio regiment is composed of the Cincinnati Turners, and is one of the best drilled and most effective body of men in the field. They displayed as skirmishers, and displayed such wonderful determination and courage, that it is believed that, had they had orders and support, they would have dislodged the enemy. They went close to the entrenchments and ascertained the position of the batteries and breastworks, killed several of the enemy, and brought away two prisoners. The Germans lost one killed and one wounded.

It being evident that the position of the rebels was exceedingly strong, and if defended with determination, would make a great sacrifice of life in the attempt to take it unavoidable, an attack from the rear was determined upon. A guide had been procured, and General Rosecrans with detachments of the Eighth Indiana, Colonel Benton, Tenth Indiana, Colonel Menden, Thirteenth Indiana, Colonel Sullivan, and Nineteenth Ohio regiment, Colonel Beatty, started on a detour up the mountain, the rear being brought up by Captain Burdick's Cincinnati dragoons.

A road had to be cut by the advance guards through the underbrush, and thus they travelled through the mountains and through ravines, over rocks and roots, on a road considered impassable, and came in full view of the enemy on the summit of Rich Mountain, at half-past two o'clock P. M., Thursday afternoon. The enemy's pickets first fired on our column, desperately wounding Captain Charles Miller of the Tenth Indiana, by a musket ball in his right leg, killing Sergeant Taggart of the same company, and wounding one or two privates. The attempt was made to form in line of battle, but the impracticability of the ground preventing, they fled to better ground and formed; the Eighth Indiana in the centre, Tenth Indiana right, Thirteenth Indiana left flank, the Nineteenth Ohio and Burdick's dragoons being kept as reserve half a mile in the rear.

The Beverly pike runs over the summit of the mountain in its lowest elevation, and on both sides of it the hills rise gradually. On the left the enemy had a line of breastworks made of logs, and a battery planted on each side of a log stable on the side of the road. The hill on the right is covered with low underbrush and trees on the summit, but cleared about half the way up. As soon as our troops appeared in the open space, a heavy fire was opened upon them, the enemy firing shot, shell and grape, but firing wild and

doing but little damage. Our boys dropped flat, and deployed as skirmishers, advancing slowly. The enemy mistaking the movement—probably imagining that they had killed the crowd—a large number rushed from their breastworks with a shout, and approached the road. Then our boys fired a most terrific and destructive volley and rushed in on bayonet. The fight now raged promiscuously all over the hill. Captain Thomas J. Brady, of the Eighth, with a private silenced the battery. The enemy were driven back up the hill, over their breastworks and completely routed.

Our boys chased them up the mountains, yelling like Indians, and keeping up a continuous fire.

The battle continued for an hour and a half from the first to the last shot. After the fight the dead and wounded were gathered. General Rosecrans ordered the surgeons to take care of the severely wounded of the enemy before attending to the slightly wounded of our own men. We lost nine dead and some twenty or thirty wounded, three of whom have died since. The enemy lost two hundred killed and wounded, which seemed to me so incredible that I took special pains to get the exact truth, and find that such really the case. One hundred and eighty men were buried the day of the battle, and numbers have been found since who had been dragged off to the mountains to die.

On Friday General McClellan advanced to Beverly, when six hundred and fifty men, under Colonels Heck and Pegram, came out of the woods and surrendered. Some of the enemy's cavalry were at Beverly, but fled precipitately on the approach of General McClellan, who arrived at noon.

The prisoners were nearly starved, and were immediately supplied with food, and treated with the utmost humanity. They are now stationed at the Beverly Academy, where they are provided with all the necessities of life; the officers are mostly on parole, and board in town.

Capture of an Eight-pound Brass Cannon.

When the enemy were driven from their breastworks on the summit they attempted to run off one of their cannon. Captain Sayles and Lieutenant Atkinson, with about forty men of Company G of the Thirteenth Indiana, accompanied by Major Foster and Adjutant Ross, started in pursuit. One of the horses attached to the gun had been shot, and fell in the road, the cannon running on top of it; the Secessionists had unhitched the other horses, and left about fifty men to defend the cannon. The Indians on turning the road found the enemy drawn up across in front, firing from a log cabin and from bushes on the side of the way. They fired, stormed the house and charged bayonet down the road, driving the enemy from their position, taking several prisoners and capturing the cannon without losing a man.

Colonel Pegram left as secretly as possible, taking to the woods. He abandoned everything—tents, horses, baggage, indeed everything that could not be carried by men struggling for life in the rocky mountains, in a dark and rainy night. The victory was complete. The number of prisoners taken at the time was very considerable, but has since been greatly increased. There will, probably, be a thousand, as Colonel Pegram, with six hundred men, after wandering in the hills for thirty-six hours, and being completely hemmed in, sent in to General McClellan, proposing to surrender as prisoners of war.

The following is the correspondence between Colonel Pegram and Major-General McClellan:

HEADQUARTERS AT MR. KETTER'S HOUSE, NEAR TYGART'S VALLEY RIVER, SIX MILES FROM BEVERLY, JULY 12, 1861.
To "Commanding Officer" of Northern Forces, Beverly, Virginia.
Sir—I write to state to you that I have, in consequence of the retreat of General Garnett, and the faded and reduced condition of my command, most of them having been without food for two days, concluded, with the concurrence of a majority of my Captains and field-officers, to surrender my command to you, tomorrow, as prisoners of war. I have only to add, I trust they will only receive at your hands such treatment as has been invariably shown to the Northern prisoners by the South.
I am, sir, your obedient servant,
JOHN PEGRAM,
Lieutenant-Colonel P. A. C. S., commanding.

It is asserted by guides that Colonel Pegram's force, collected since his flight, is between six and seven hundred men, who have thus offered to surrender.

General McClellan sent the following reply by his Aide-de-Camp, Lieutenant Williams, United States Army:

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF OHIO, BEVERLY, VA., JULY 13, 1861.
JOHN PEGRAM, Esq., styling himself Lieutenant-Colonel P. A. C. S.:
Sir—Your communication, dated yesterday, proposing to surrender as prisoners of war of the force assembled under your command, has been delivered to me. As commander of this department, I will receive you and them with the kindness due to prisoners of war; but it is not in my power to relieve you or them from any liabilities incurred by taking arms against the United States.
I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
GEO. B. MCCLELLAN,
Major-General U. S. A., Commanding Department.

The unconditional surrender demanded by the Union commander was accepted by Colonel Pegram, who was shortly after brought into the lines of the Federal forces. The subsequent death of General Garnett and the rout of his army completed the triumph of the column under command of Major-General McClellan.

Later News.

WEDNESDAY, Morning, July 24.

Accounts from the battle field are becoming clearer, and reveal the following points:

Our attack upon Bull's Run was a victory. The retreat of our army before a vastly superior force was in good order and facing the foe.

The whole talent of the rebels was engaged in the contest. Jefferson Davis commanding the centre, and Beauregard and Johnston the wings. The enemy was in no position to advance to take advantage of our retreat, and with but twenty thousand of our force we engaged from sixty to ninety thousand of the crack troops of the rebels, and drove them from their batteries.

The advance of our army did not retreat beyond Centreville, the stampede occurring in the rear, and caused by the needless terror of spectators and teamsters.

Our loss in guns was only eight. Our loss in men has happily been reduced from the first fearful account. The loss will possibly reach one thousand men in all.

The rebel officers acknowledge to a fearful havoc in their ranks. They calculate their loss at from four to five thousand.

WAR NEWS FROM THE SOUTH.

MARYLAND, BALTIMORE.—The Grand Jury have found a bill against Marshal Kane. He will be tried for treason and conspiracy. Two fair Secessionists appeared the other day in the streets wearing a rebel emblem, and armed with daggers to defend them. The Tammany regiment behaved so riotously in the case that Superintendent Clarke threatened to pitch them over an embankment. Governor Hicks is fast recovering his popularity. On the 18th July, on his return to Baltimore, he was serenaded. He made a speech full of Union sentiment.

WESTERN VIRGINIA, WHITING.—The Legislature is now sitting, and Governor Pierpont reigns instead of John Letcher. General McClellan's vigor has entirely cleared the whole of this part of the Old Dominion of rebellion, and he will be in a few days on his way to join the grand army in Eastern Virginia. Ex-Governor Wise and his son are somewhere near Ripley with sixteen hundred men, and it is expected every day to hear of their capture. General McClellan had issued a proclamation commencing his army upon their victories. He states that within the last few days they have captured five guns, twelve caissons, fifteen hundred stand of arms and one thousand prisoners, including more than forty officers. One of the second commanders of the rebels is a prisoner; the other lost his life on the battle-field. More than two hundred and fifty of the enemy have been killed, and they have lost all their baggage and camp equipment. This has been accomplished with the loss of only twenty men killed and sixty wounded of the National forces. His army now amounts to a considerable number:

Ch'co volunteers	18 regiments.
Indiana volunteers	6 regiments.
Virginia volunteers	3 regiments.
Kentucky volunteers	2 regiments.
Artillery	4 corps.
Cavalry	1 corps.

The whole army of Western Virginia now comprises little short of thirty thousand men. Two or three regiments are, however, still on the Ohio River; and a distinct division is operating on the Kanawha. The Twelfth and Fourteenth

Ohio regiments, with the First and Second Kentucky, under General Cox, now constitute the Kanawha army. It will probably be reinforced, either from Camp Leavenworth or from a part of McClellan's corps, lying at Glenville or Beverly. At any rate, the marauders under Wise and Jenkins will be cleared out.

IL A. Wise issued at Lewisburg the following crazy proclamation: "Are there any who hide their wrath, and bide their time, when the invaders shall come and make them strong? Crush them in advance of the invader as you would fortify your defence. There is not a moment to be lost; the invader is come. Follow me, I repeat, and you who can't come send your arms and your aims to the noble hands who are now braving the elements, dreading less the heat and the cold, the dampness and the death, than the disgrace and dishonor of subjugation. Come, I say, to the camp. I will take you in the legion for the war or for the year, or out of the legion, for the fight. Come and tarry awhile, at least with us, in the field of glorious strife, for inestimable rights. Wounds are nothing there! Come and partake of our frugal rations in camp—enter in faith and hope, and heart there; it is sweeter than honey. Come! If you don't come, you shall be the subject of women and the scorn of men; and coward, slaggard, knave, traitor or thief shall be branded black upon your name for life and lives hereafter. Your mothers of the cradle and your mother State shall disown and dishonor you. Come to the camp, then, or there is a death more deadly for you, and more to be dreaded than the death by 'fire and blood.'"

EASTERN VIRGINIA, FORTRESS MONROE.—An affair has recently occurred near Fortress Monroe, which it is hoped will have the effect of putting an end to the system of irresponsible scouting which seems to have prevailed there. On Thursday night a party, few in number and poorly armed, started out from Hampton without permission, and were surprised in the woods beyond Newmarket Bridge by a party of rebels. One of our men—T. E. Rawlings, formerly of this city, Major of the Kentucky Light Cavalry—was instantly killed, and two were wounded and taken prisoners, while the rest escaped. The number of rebel troops at Norfolk and vicinity is reported by a deserter to be less than a thousand, but they feel perfect confidence in their ultimate success. Jeff. Davis was at Richmond at last advice, where much depression is represented to exist on account of the recent rebel reverses in Western Virginia.

The Baltimore Sun says: "All the woods obstructing the view between Fortress Monroe and the Sewall's Point Battery had been cut out and burned off. The Confederates could be seen from the Fort, and they were busily engaged on their defences. The distance between the two points is 3½ miles, and it is supposed at the Fort that they have obtained more heavy rifled cannon, which will be operated against the Fort. A gun of shorter range than the Sawyer gun will throw shell into Fortress Monroe."

The exact distance of Sewall's Point from the Fortress is 3¼ miles. From Sewall's Point to Rip-Rap, 2¼ miles. From Sewall's Point to Newport News, 4¼ miles.

The Charleston Mercury gives a very funny account of the Southern cavalry. It is in relating the death of Lieutenant-Colonel Droux, the gallant young Louisianan killed on the 6th, within three miles of Newport News. After describing how the Lieutenant-Colonel posted his cavalry, infantry and howitzers, it says that "two rifles were fired, one of them killing the Secession scout. In the meantime, the cavalry, hearing the firing, were seized with a sudden and unaccountable panic, and putting spurs to their horses, came dashing like so many devils, in headlong speed straight and diagonally towards the ambuscade of the Louisianans, and directly upon the howitzers—rolling up against the howitzers, frightening and stampeding their horses, which ran more than a mile with the guns before they could be stopped."

"On the first onslaught of the cavalry, Lieutenant-Colonel Droux stepped out into the road to ascertain what was the matter, and was instantly shot at and killed by the enemy. Our infantry then fired one round and advanced, but the enemy having heard the extraordinary and unprecedented uproar, accompanied by the terrible snapping of pine saplings, kicked up by the cavalry, had taken to their heels incontinently, and did not call a halt till safe within their entrenchments at Newport News."

RICHMOND.—The Montgomery Mail is very severe upon the Richmond people. It accuses them of meanness—they charge five cents for a glass of lead water, and fifteen cents for a thimbleful of whiskey. Provisions are so dear that men of moderate means cannot live. Shoes eight dollars a pair, and worse than ill, no credit. A member of the Rebel Congress is accused of stealing a pair of shoes out of a store, as his own were out of the toes, and he could not take his seat till he got a new pair. The city is crowded with drunken soldiers and placehunters. A pleasant picture of Pandemonium drawn by one of their own lips. Floyd is at Richmond, having raised two regiments, which are stationed near Whittville.

Suppression of Military Movements by the Rebels.

CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA, WAR DEPARTMENT,
Richmond, July 1, 1861.

To Newspaper Correspondents:

Gentlemen—While I have not withheld permission from any of the representatives of the press to visit the camps in Virginia, and while I am as much the uncompromising advocate of an unshackled press as I am of the freedom of speech, and of the independence of the Confederate States, yet I have thought it proper, under existing circumstances, to make an appeal to you to forbear from the transmission and publication of such intelligence as might be detrimental to the great cause in which we all feel so deep an interest.

You are aware of the great amount of valuable information obtained by us through the medium of the enterprising journals of the North; and we may derive profit from their example by a discriminating and judicious reserve in communications for the Southern journals.

It must be obvious that statements of strength or of weakness, at any of the points in the vicinity of the enemy, when reproduced in the North, as they would be, in spite of all the vigilance in our power, would war them of danger to themselves or invite an attack upon us; and, in like manner, any statements of the magnitude of batteries, of the quantity and quality of arms or of ammunition, of movements in progress or of supposed contemplation, of the condition of troops, of the commissariat, &c., might be fraught with essential injury to the service.

To gentlemen of intelligence and of unquestioned loyalty to the cause of the Confederate States, I do not deem it necessary to be more explicit; nor can I doubt for a moment that you will appreciate my motives in making this frank appeal to your patriotism and your discretion.

L. P. WALKER, Secretary of War.

NORTH CAROLINA.—This half and half State, neither rebel nor sound, is enjoying comparative quiet and considerable trade, since the Government has not blockaded either Hatteras or Wilmington. What does the Secretary of the Navy mean by not accepting Vanderbilt's offer? Ships sail in and sail out of these ports, and the rebels are thus amply supplied.

SOUTH CAROLINA, CHARLESTON.—The Minnesota is blockading this port. There are also four other United States vessels in sight. The Charleston Mercury is very severe upon Jeff. Davis for the manner in which affairs have been conducted—abandons all hope of England and France helping the South, and derides them for that they have no friends except "hard fighting." There is a noble independence about the Mercury editorially reviewing in these days of press corruption and cowardice, the South Carolinians express the utmost contempt for the cowardice of the Virginians, who have run away even when the glass has been ninety in the shade.

GEORGIA.—The cleverness with which the Confederate President has made Virginia the theatre of the rebellion leaves little to record of military interest in the more Southern States. At Augusta, on the 11th, Vice-President Stephens made a burning speech, in which he promised the Secessionists victory if they would raise fifty millions and a hundred thousand more men. To conceal their dismay the rabble cheered. Stephens said that they were the Greeks, and Abe Lincoln the Xorxes, and also that Abe's Persians are only 400,000 men, while Xorxes had 600,000 men. Such is the baldness to which a bad cause has reduced the once eloquent and logical Alexander H. Stephens.

ARKANSAS.—If anything could stamp the Southern cause as one utterly unworthy the recognition of civilized beings, it is found in the fact that ex-Governor of Arkansas, made an application to John Ross, Chief of the Cherokee, for a body of savages. John Ross, the Indian savage, rebukes the bloodthirsty Rector, and declares perfect neutrality.

MISSOURI.—Governor Jackson and his bloodhound, Ben McCulloch, are at last driven out of Missouri. They are now at Camp Walker, ten miles south of the Missouri line, and at Yellowville, Arkansas. The rebel pickets extend as far as Neosho, thirty miles north of Camp Walker. General Pope is at St. Charles, where he has established his headquarters. His command in North Missouri will be 7,000 strong, and so posted that Jefferson City, Booneville, Lexington, and all the principal points in the northern part of the State will be within easy striking distance. The Union troops and the House Guards at Jefferson City will encamp outside of the city limits during the session of the State Convention. General Lyon with 11,000 men is in full pursuit of Gov. Jackson, and will not respect the Arkansas frontier.

Proclamation from Brigadier-General Pope.

ST. LOUIS, July 19, 1861.

The following proclamation has just been received from Brigadier-General Pope:

ST. CHARLES, Mo., July 19, 1861.

To the People of North Missouri:

By virtue of power and authority, I have assumed command in North Missouri, I appear among you with a force strong enough to maintain the authority of the Government, and too strong to be resisted by any means in your possession usual in warfare. Upon your own assurances that you would respect the laws of the United States and preserve the peace, no troops have hitherto been sent in your section of the country. The assurances for the last ten days, however, have plainly exhibited your lack of either the power or inclination to fully carry out the pledge, and the Government has therefore found it necessary to occupy North Missouri with a force powerful enough to compel obedience to the laws. As soon as it is made manifest that you will respect its authority and put down unlawful combinations against it, you will be relieved of the presence of the forces under my command, but not until then. I therefore warn all persons taking up arms against the Federal authority, who attempt to commit depredations upon public or private property, or who molest unoffending or peaceful citizens, that they will be dealt with in a most summary manner, without waiting civil process.

JOHN POPE,

Brigadier-General United States Army Commanding.



THE RETREAT AND REPELLING THE CHARGE OF THE REBEL CAVALRY—PANIC AMONG THE TEA-MASTERS AND CIVILIANS, AND GENERAL STAMPEDE TOWARDS ARLINGTON HEIGHTS.
Major-General McDowell's Command.—See Page 109.



THE GREAT BATTLE AT BULL'S RUN, VA., ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON, JULY 21—RETREAT OF THE FEDERAL ARMY UPON CENTREVILLE—COL. MILF'S RESERVE DIVISION COVER
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPAN

MY GOLDEN SKELETON.

(Continued from page 161.)

boy, between seven and eight years old, when I first became conscious that I had a Fate, that my Future was closing around me, and that I was Haunted.

I had the misfortune to be a rich little boy. I wore nice clothes; had toys without number; and was kept so clean, that I went about with an indefinable sensation of having been washed in glue. My mamma and I lived together in a pretty country house, near the great city of London. My papa was dead, and I knew him only by a portrait which hung over the mantelpiece, in a drawing-room which I visited on state occasions. This portrait gave me the idea of a rather weak-minded and very vulgar small man, who might have been a balliff, or a chandler, but who could never, by any possibility, have been a gentleman. My mamma, on the other hand, was aristocratic, albeit podgy; not only her Roman nose, but a certain Roman grandeur about her manner, proved that she had been brought up in good society. Mother and son, though, saw very little of each other, and I regret to say there was no love lost between them. I was confined to the care of a very good-natured girl, whose duty it was to keep me clean, superintend my linen, and take me into the drawing-room once or twice a day, there to be inspected by the lady who had given me birth.

I had the misfortune, therefore, to be a rich little boy. I had neither brothers nor sisters, and my only playmate was a young rustic, who was accustomed to pull my hair when I stared at him. I grew more glaucous every day. Really, it was not a very pleasant thing to be fed, in this manner, with a silver spoon. Our house stood among a number of other houses, in a pretty locality, close to a very tiny village, and not far from a railway station. But we kept our neighbors at a distance, and received no visitors. I was forbidden to play with vulgar little boys, who abounded, and who persecuted me, and thought me stuck-up. I was left to my own resources. So I fell back upon myself, in a half-anticipatory dream of men and things, and became Haunted.

And first, I became conscious of the ghost of my papa; a vulgar, blustering, weak-minded ghost, like the portrait on the drawing-room mantelpiece. I used to creep into the dim room, when my mamma was out, and stare at that portrait till her knock at the door recalled me to life. Then the ghost came down from the canvas, smirking and blustering, and cocked his eye at me, saying, "You're a rich little boy, a very rich little boy; and I'm looking after you. You're a proud little boy; but do what you can, you won't get rid of me—there!" I disliked, more than I feared, my papa's ghost. He was always at my bedside watching me. He had an evil eye in his head, unsteady, like that of a coward.

Latterly, I became conscious of the ghost of a little girl, with hair like mine, and eyes that looked wistfully, like my own when I would watch my face in the looking-glass. She was about my own age, too, or very little older, and her blue, wistful eyes would say to me, "Rich little boy, I am growing up for you. You're a proud little boy, but I'm bound to you for ever and ever." Somehow or other, I fancied that I had wronged the little girl's ghost—that I had sinned against her such a sin as only a wedding could atone for; and that I was in duty bound to marry this ghost who was growing up for me. The fancy grew upon me; the ghost was always with me, and I felt very cruel and wicked, somehow. Then I began to perceive that the little girl's ghost abrank from my papa's ghost, and detested him as I detested him, and scorned him as I scorned him.

Moreover, the space between my mamma and myself grew so wide, and there was so little love between us, that, in due time, mamma herself became one of my ever-present ghosts. Mamma's ghost was not the querulous, podgy, aristocratic person who inspected me daily, but a dark eyed, proud young woman, in silk and satin and jewels—in fact, just what I imagined mamma to have been in her youthful days. And the ghosts of mamma and papa would linger around me, while the ghost of the little girl stood between them, and seemed to separate them for ever and ever. It seemed to me that I had seen these faces in some far-off forgotten life, and that they were closing slowly around me, shaping my destiny.

Mamma's name was Mrs. Vanhomrigh Brown; mine, partly as a consequence, was Master Henry Vanhomrigh Brown. We claimed, I understand, all the reputable Browns as ancestors, while discrediting all the disreputable Browns as unconnected with our branch of the family. There was considerable doubt as to what person was the founder of our house; whether it was the DeBrown who came over with the Conqueror, or that patriotic Brown, the gallant poultry dealer, who fought against the Conqueror in the marshes of Wales.

Belong a rich and well-born little boy. I ought to have been happy. Strange to say, however, I envied the vulgar little wretch who was in the habit of pulling my hair. I sat, very lonely and indolent, among my ghosts. I often amused myself by speculating how much money I should have when I grew up; and I calculated till my eyes and head swam in an atmosphere of yellow guineas. At this juncture, the little girl's ghost was sure to step in, reminding me that I was a rich little boy, that she would never part from me, and that she was growing up on purpose to marry me.

"Susan," said my mamma one day, to the girl who took care of me, "Susan, to-morrow that dear Mr. Timbs will call, and you will dress Henry in his best black."

It may not be amiss here to say that mamma was of the middle height, but rather stout; that her eyes were black, and beaded and do y, and her nose true Roman; that she almost always dressed in black satin, and that there was a sharp, nervous authority in her manner, betokening spirit, and striking awe into the hearts of poor domestics.

"And, Susan," she continued, "be good enough to see that Mr. Timbs's bed is well aired; he will stop here for the night. Dear Mr. Timbs is so particular."

I will take my oath that Susan had never heard of nor seen "dear Mr. Timbs" before; and as for myself, I was in still greater dumb ignorance. But we took things for granted in that house, and had no courage to speak out.

"Henry, come and kiss me," said mamma, yawning. I crept up to her side, and did as she requested. I feel that kiss still; it was very warm and clammy.

"Remember, child, you will be very humble and respectful to dear Mr. Timbs. He will, perhaps, ask you questions, which you must answer very truthfully. He will ask if you are a well-treated little boy, and you will tell the truth. Susan, you may go."

Mamma lent back in her chair, and closed her eyes; this was our signal to leave the room. We walked away together, Susan and I, but mamma called me back.

"Henry, this being the eve of a state occasion, you shall have a fig."

"Thank you, mamma," said I; and staring up at papa's picture, I thought I heard him chuckle. She walked to the sideboard, and, unobtrusively, abstractedly something resembling the detached eyelid of a mummy.

"There," she said, giving me my fig; "sit down and eat it." I squatted down on the hearthrug, and plunged my soft gums into the fruit. She watched me as I ate, like one watching a monkey, and once or twice nodded her head approvingly. It was not a nice fig; it was dry and tasteless, and ashy; but I made a great show of enjoying it amazingly.

"Nice?" she asked, in a proud, helpless, idiotic way.

"Very," I burst out; and may my good stars pardon the deception.

She went on, very gently and coldly, but not kindly:

"You ought to be a very happy little boy, Master Brown. I had an objection to being called Master Brown, but I was too humble to utter it. I said, with my tongue, that I was a happy little boy; but my great eyes said for me, that I was in high doubt about the matter."

"And a very thankful little boy," she added.

"Yes, mamma."

"Very well, then; listen. If dear Mr. Timbs should ask whether you are happy and thankful, what shall you say to him?"

I was not prepared for this question. It took me by surprise, and I made no answer.

"You will tell him," she continued, rather testily, "you will tell him how happy and thankful you are; how good everybody is to you, and how proud you are of being a rich little boy. You will tell this to dear Mr. Timbs, will you not?"

"Yes, mamma," I murmured, seeing she wished me to reply in the affirmative.

"Very good. You must not be surprised if dear Mr. Timbs takes you with him on a journey. You must not fret or cry when you go away with Mr. Timbs, but thank him, and be very quiet and humble. For you are a rich little boy, and dear Mr. Timbs is your good friend. There, you may go and play."

Mamma fell back in her chair, and closed her eyes; and, after one glance at papa's picture, which actually winked at me, I crept out of the room. But not to play; unless standing on one leg in the garden and watching three pigeons, which were disporting themselves on the eaves, could be called play. I longed to confide my doubts and fears to Susan, who was in the habit of expressing her sympathy with my lonely state. But being a rich little boy, I was forbidden to go near the kitchen, whither Susan had retired. With the mysteries of that odoriferous sanctuary I was almost unacquainted. Once or twice had I peeped stealthily in; to be rewarded by a sensation compounded of grease, rum and black beetles. On one occasion my delicacy had been shocked by the sight of an extremely corpulent person, in slender *deshabille*, whose back was turned towards me, and who was snoring her flowing locks with fresh butter. This corpulent person was the cook, with whom I subsequently became better acquainted, but whose friendship I was then too proud to encourage much.

After much cogitation, I came to the conclusion that dear Mr. Timbs would be a sleek, cadaverous humbug, of a pious turn. How I came to this conclusion, and how it came to be firmly established in my mind, are questions to be answered by the metaphysician.

I had sat down upon the lawn, and was amusing myself with some pebbles. It was a gray, windy March day, and the lawn was streaked with shadows of passing clouds, which seemed to me the shadows of my ghosts, in different stages of contortion. I was startled out of my reverie by a slight sound; looking up carelessly, I saw a face staring at me over the garden wall. It was a pale, narrow face, ornamented by a slight moustache; but there was a large scar under the right eye, which made it look ghastly. I saw this at a glance; for directly I looked up and met the eyes, the face disappeared. By-and-by it reappeared at another part of the wall, but disappeared again as quickly. I felt rather frightened.

After it had bobbed up and down once or twice, it came up again, and stopped up, while I saw a long white hand beckoning me. I shook my head, and passed round to the front of the house. There was a small garden in front, and a gate. I was swinging to and fro on the gate, when somebody cried out,

"Hi!" I looked down the road, and saw a person standing some hundred yards from the house, but out of the range of any of its windows. I immediately recognised this person as the owner of the face I had seen peeping over the wall. He was a rather dissipated-looking young man, of about five-and-thirty; short, and strongly built; attired in faded pantaloons of shepherd tartan, and jacket and waistcoat of grizzled velveteen.

"Hi!" he shouted, beckoning to me. "You! Boy!" Now I knew that Susan had a young man, and I had been repeatedly informed that this young man had a moustache. Comparing the velveteen person with her description of her beloved, who was in the greengrocery line, I came to the conclusion that this was he, and that he was desirous of conveying some secret token of affection to his charmer. So I walked up to him, without fear, and conscious of the difference between a greengrocer and a rich little boy, said, rather jauntily,

"Hulloa, greengrocer!"

The velveteen young man surveyed me with some amazement, and whistled.

"You're a precious young gentleman," he observed, with a grin that made his teeth look hideous. "Who lives in that house?"

"My mamma," I answered, conscious that I had made a mistake. He surveyed me from head to foot, with a bad scowl.

"What's her name?" he asked.

"Mrs. Brown," I said, in some trepidation; for the scar had conquered me.

"What's your's?"

"Master Brown."

"Very well, then," said he, suddenly catching hold of me by the neck; "I've got you. Now, boy, if you don't answer my questions, quick and true, I'll—"

Here he shook me violently. I was too frightened to scream.

"Now, then," he said, through his teeth, "Answer, boy. What's your mamma like?"

Making a great effort, I described her personal appearance as closely as possible. He nodded his head and seemed satisfied.

"Proud?" he asked. "Stuck-up like?"

I replied in the affirmative.

"Rich?"

I said that I thought so. He grinned, and the scar seemed more hideous than ever.

"Worth lots of money?"

"Millions," I gasped out, with a random guess at the truth.

"So far, so good. Now then, how old are you?"

"Seven and a half."

"Come, I thought so. Father alive?"

I shook my head. "Dead years and years ago."

"Humph!" growled the velveteen young man. "That'll do."

He released me and I was creeping off, when he cried out to me to stop. I turned, staring at him. He was writing something with a lead pencil, in a dingy pocketbook. He glanced at me as he did so more than ever.

"Here," he said, tearing out a leaf and thrusting it into my hand, "give that to your dear mamma, and tell her that I sent my love. Can you read?"

"A little," was my reply; for that branch of my education had been attended to by a sickly young governess, who had lately been dismissed, for some unknown reason or other, by mamma.

"Never mind; give this to your mamma, and say you sent it. I'm a handsome fellow, and you won't forget me in a hurry, I suppose?"

I answered in the negative, with some truth.

"Tell your dear mamma that her very dear friend—meaning myself—sends his respects to her; that he has kept her in his memory, time out of mind, and that he's sorry his time won't admit of his shaking hands with her. She don't lick you, does she?" He added this last question suddenly, after a pause.

"Never, sir," I answered, timidly.

"I was sure of it," he added, triumphantly, addressing a sparrow on a neighboring tree. "She never licks him, not she; but keeps him in a glass cage, coo'dles him and gives him jam. That's the case, ain't it, youngster?" turning to me.

I thought it better to acquiesce in this hyperbolic description. "Right again!" he cried, still addressing the sparrow. "Oh, she's a knowing girl, his dear mamma! Bys a him bun, dresses him up in fine clothes, and keeps no rod in pickles. Hit it again, haven't I, boy?"

"Yes, sir," I murmured, surprised at his savage delight.

"Then bolt. Bolt! d'ye hear? with your head on."

I did bolt, as fast as my legs could carry me. I paused at the gate and saw the velveteen young man walk swiftly away in the direction of the village. I could not quite make him out, but had my suspicions as to his sanity. So, in high dodgion that I a rich little boy, should have been so scurvily treated, I crept up to my little bedroom and had a good cry. When I had grown more composed I took out the paper he had given me, and tried to spell it out, unsuccessfully. It was written in a miserable, cramped hand, and defied my humble scholarship. I crumpled it up, put it into my pocket. Then I sat down and asked myself whether I had better give it to my proud mamma. I came to the conclusion that the delivery of the missive had better be postponed.

While I sat in my little white-curtained bedroom, a cold and clean

room, the shades of evening gathered around me; and the little girl's ghost, flitting out from the darkness, moaned, "Rich little boy, I am growing up for you; proud little boy, I am bound to you for ever and ever." Then the windows darkened, and, in one of the panes, I seemed to see the velveteen person's face, with its scar. And I crept down stairs afraid, and took tea with Susan, in a little handbox of a room which we called the nursery.

CHAPTER II.—DEAR MR. TIMBS.

I SLEPT in a little bed, close to Susan's, in the nursery. Susan, poor girl, worked hard during the day, and revealed herself on Fortune by snoring hard during the night. When I went to bed, after my interview with the velveteen young person, I was visited by scores of dreams. I wandered, in a deep, through shadowy halls and palaces, all bright and yellow, and paved with dingy gold. There were no sounds, no playmates, no faces, friendly or unfriendly. I was a rich king in a homeless realm, and felt lonely and frightened. The golden seats were so garish and cold, and the silence was so dismal, that I began to sob and cry; when, all at once, there came my little girl's ghost, saying, "Rich little boy, come and marry me," and the long corridors groaned, "Marry me!"—saying, "Proud little boy, I'll cling to you for ever and ever," and the long corridors whispered, "For ever and ever." Then the little girl's ghost took my hand, and we walked far, far away, over dead fields of golden poppies, under a hot, leaden sky, till we came to a church like a golden sepulchre, where papa's ghost, dressed in a cassock, and with white bands, was waiting to marry us. Somehow I wondered why the church bells were not ringing; and I was wondering still, when the little girl's ghost whispered, "Rich little boy, proud little boy, you have married me, and I'll cling to you for ever and ever." Then, all of a sudden, we heard groaning sounds of music; and, walking out of the church, saw the velveteen young person playing on a trombone made out of a golden skull, and the music was so discordant and hideous that I woke up in a fright and looked around me. The gray, cold dawn was broadening across the wide curtains of my bed, and Susan was snoring with all her might, close by. I was very glad, somehow, to find it was all a dream; and, sinking back on my pillow, I went to sleep again.

When I awoke next it was broad daylight, and Susan's bed was vacant. A fine fresh sun was up and abroad; it was one of those fresh, windy mornings which make the blood flow and the pulses throb cheerily. I jumped up and called out for Susan to look me. My good-natured nurse answered to my call, and hooked me. I walked downstairs into the garden, and cut into the road. The wind nipped my cheek into tingling warmth, and I felt for the moment as free as the wind, and as cheerful. I like March and his rough breath better than languid June.

Then I went in to breakfast, which I discussed with Susan in the nursery, for mamma, I understood, was not yet up. I had finished my meal, and was looking carelessly out of the window, over a clear prospect of bare trees and little fallow hills, when my attention was attracted to the eccentricities of a person who was staring up at me from the road. The person was a man, and a jolly man—a man whose red face and short white hair reminded me of a red cabbage topped with snow—a short, stout, greasy man, who was dressed in deep mourning, and looked like a mummy. He had a carpet-bag in his hand, this jolly man, who was winking and making grimaces at me with all his might. I could not help returning his greetings with many smiles.

He walked up to the gate and rang the bell, and presently I saw Susan trip down and ask his business. Then ensued a lively altercation, for the girl evidently regarded this comer with some contempt; he did not look like a gentleman. To my surprise, however, the jolly man put his arm round Susan's waist and actually kissed her. She was about to box his ears, when he whispered something which changed her whole manner. I saw by her face and his face what he and she were now saying. Would the gentleman walk in? Well, he didn't mind if he did. So they walked towards the house door. Mrs. Brown would be ready to receive the gentleman directly; would he wait for a few minutes, while Susan finished her toilette? Yes; he would wait, my dear. Oh, sir! Whereas the jolly man chuckled her under the chin. She was a nice article for a man with a small income, she was, my dear. Oh, please sir; this way, sir! Then they disappeared into the house, and I heard Susan show him into the drawing-room. Plainly a vulgar man ignorant of good manners.

By-and-bye, Susan bounced into the nursery, looking for me.

"Loramusome!" she exclaimed, with a burst, "here's Mr. Timbs come; and he's been aggravating me, and drinking port wine and brandy this half hour. He's a droll and impudent cockalorum jig as ever breathed; and make haste, Master Henry, and run to your ma' in the drawing-room—she's asked me to take you to her immediately."

To my surprise—for I had imagined quite a different sort of visitor—it immediately struck me that Mr. Timbs was no other than the jolly man I had seen patronizing Susan; and I felt rather amazed that my proud mamma should seem so partial to so vulgar a person. However, I had no time to deliberate; for after Susan had brushed my hair the wrong way, I was hurried along to the drawing-room door, where Susan left me. I gave a timid knock, was told to "come in," and entered, blushing bashfully.

Mamma was leaning back, languidly, in her arm-chair; but on her cheek I saw a bright hectic flush, which betokened unusual excitement. I regret to say that Mr. Timbs did not appear to so much advantage, on a closer view, as he did at a distance. Don't tell me that jollity is inconsistent with rascality; that a rubicund, beaming face is always the key to an honest, kindly heart. No; I have seen even bank directors with jovial countenances. Mr. Timbs was jolly in face, figure and manner; his very mourning, his glossy coat and his weepers looked jolly on him. But, child as I was, I instinctively felt that I should like to hit him hard, and I was morally conscious, in my own mind, that his jollity was a mockery, a cheat and a delusion.

"Come and kiss me," said mamma, as I entered. I stole up timidly, and did as she requested. The kiss burnt me; her lips were not as fire. The jolly person said nothing. He was actively employed in mixing brandy and port together in one tumbler, and drinking the extemporized beverage with great uncouth relish.

"Timbs," said mamma, addressing that individual, nervously,

"this is the boy."

"I eyes and I knows him, ma'am," was the laconic and facetious reply.

"Henry, this is dear Mr. Timbs."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed dear Mr. Timbs, uproariously. "Very fond of me is your ma', Master Brown. She's a Ripston pippin, your ma' is (begging your pardon, ma'am, for the liberty)—a Ripston pippin, and no mistake."

Assuredly a most vulgar person, this jolly man.

"Dear Mr. Timbs is so droll!" observed mamma, with an idiotic appeal to papa's portrait, which leered at us from its place above the mantelpiece.

"He's a very little 'un," contemplating the writer of this history; "an uncommon little 'un; but he'll grow—ah! that's the point—he'll grow, ma'am, he'll grow. How old are you, Master Brown?" "Seven and a half, if you please, sir," I replied. How anxious everybody seemed to be about my age! Mamma looked pale as I answered the question.

"Like you, ma'am, uncommon," suggested our visitor.

"Do you think so?" said mamma, with a sickly smile, and another appeal to papa's picture.

"Think so, ma'am! He's your very image; and you ought to be proud of him. Now, just let me take him in hand one moment. Now, Master Brown, right about face—at—ten—tion!"

I had an indescribable longing to scratch dear Mr. Timbs, and ascertain if he would bleed wise. He looked so red, and jolly, and appoplectic, and vulgar, and offensive, that I quite detested him. Mamma closed her eyes, and, with a wave of the hand, passed me over to him for examination. The conversation which follows was interrupted now and again by observations from mamma, in the shape of continued idiotic appeals to papa's picture.

"Now, Master Brown," chuckled Timbs, "you're as happy as the day's long, ain't you?"

I nodded my head to signify assent.

"Dear Mr. Timbs is so good to the child," soliloquised mamma)

"And as rich as the Bank of England, ain't you?"

I intimated that I had been led to believe so.

"And you've been vaccinated, too, haven't you?" he inquired, recklessly, refilling his tumbler. Mr. T. had a way of jumping from one proposition to another, which was, to say the least of it, apt to cause confusion. His last question puzzled me, partly because I was unaware whether I had been vaccinated or not, but chiefly be-

cause I was quite at a loss to know what vaccination was, or could be. I appealed to mamma, who nodded her head in assent.

"At-ten-tion!" cried Mr. Timbs. "Excuse me, ma'am, but allow me to take him in hand one moment."

"Now, really, this is too kind of dear Mr. Timbs!"

"Well, you have been vaccinated, I take it," said our guest, drawing me towards him, and placing me between his knees as he spoke. "Once more, Master Brown. You've had the measles, I suppose?"

"Yes, if you please, sir," I faltered out; for I had suffered very acutely with that complaint. I remember wondering at that moment whether the jolly man had ever had the scarlet fever, and whether sobriety was consistent with spirituous crapes.

"It is really astonishing," observed mamma to the picture; "now, is it not astonishing, that dear Mr. Timbs should take so extraordinary an interest in the boy? I assure you, it is most touching."

"Now, then," said dear Mr. Timbs, "let us count our items. You're seven and a half—one; you're as happy as the day's long—two; you're as rich as the Bank of England—three; you've been vaccinated—four; you've had the measles—five. Total: five. Come, then. At-ten-tion! If two geese lay four eggs apiece, in a barn, and if Master Brown smashes five of them eggs with a umbrella, how many chickens will the two geese hatch come Whit-sunday?"

"Dear me, he is so droll!" chirped mamma.

The question was a startling one in itself, apart from its abruptness, and I was quite unprepared to grapple with it. I saw that Mr. Timbs wanted to be facetious, but, I confess, I was unable to see the point of the joke. I made no answer, but hung down my head.

"You don't know, and I shan't tell you. Never mind. Stop, though. You've been to school, of course?"

"No, sir," I said, to his evident surprise.

Mamma interposed to state that, to avoid my mixing with vulgar little boys, she had engaged a governess to teach me at home.

"Leave him to me, ma'am, if you please; I'll get it out of him."

"Dear me, I am overcome by this goodness. Can we ever thank dear Mr. Timbs sufficiently for his interest in the child?"

"Very well, then, Master Brown," quoth our jolly friend. "So, as you say, your ma' has been doing the domestic line of schooling! Good again; but goodness like that can't last for ever. You're as rich as the Bank of England, you know, and all that sort of thing. Who poisoned Julius Caesar with green tea, when he was a-rollicking with his Romans at Purney Castle?"

I could not exactly make out whether it was ignorance or facetiousness that dictated such absurd questions; but I had read a "Child's History of Rome," and (waiving the incongruities) answered boldly.

"If you please, sir—Brutus!"

He eyed me sidelong, and gave a hoarse laugh.

"I dare say you're right; but my memory's at fault, Master Brown. Never mind; you'll do, no doubt, when you've had a little more cramming into you. How fond you must be of your kind, good ma, who's brought you up to the credit of the Bank of England?"

"Oh, yes, sir!" I cried, with a timid glance at mamma.

"Dear Mr. Timbs must be aware that nothing can exceed the affection of the child for myself," she remarked to the picture; "and really, you know, I cannot help reciprocating the attachment."

"Henry," she said, turning languidly to me, "come and kiss me."

I put my lips to hers again. Why did her kisses burn so?

"Very well, ma'am," said Timbs, addressing himself suddenly to her, "I've done with him. When I want more, I'll get more. Sit down on that there hassock, boy. Now, ma'am!"

Mamma smiled feebly, and folded her hands to heaven.

"To-morrow, ma'am, is the day. Master Brown and I set off and do our little bit of private business together."

"Yes; to-morrow. I have already informed Henry that you are his very good friend, and that he is to go on a journey with you."

I looked up, timidly appealing. Little as I cared for home, I cared for dear Mr. Timbs less, and had a strong objection to his company.

"Now, don't you blubber, Master Brown," he cried to me; "don't. I can't bear to see an infant weeping—it ain't in nature."

"I assure you that Henry will be only too delighted to go with you. He is very obedient. He must remember, too, that it is only for three days that he will be absent from home—"

"Sweet home," broke in the jolly man, suggestively.

"Precisely," said mamma, who seemed to be no longer the proud mamma I had been accustomed to.

"To-morrow morning, ma'am, at nine to a minute, Master Brown and I set out from here. Mind that, Master Brown, at nine to a minute. And if, ma'am, you could accommodate me, before starting, with threepennorth of coffee and an eggflip to follow, I'd be obliged."

"Certainly, Mr. Timbs," said mamma, graciously; and she rang for Susan, who seemed to me to answer the call very suddenly.

"Susan, Master Henry will go away with this gentleman the first thing in the morning. Be good enough to pack a carpet-bag with the necessary things. I beg your pardon, Mr. Timbs, but what were your orders?"

"Threepennorth of coffee, my dear, and an eggflip to follow; let alone a bit of meat broiled," said the worthy, addressing himself to the domestic.

"Yes, sir," curtsied Susan, leaving the room, with a glance at me.

I did not cry or fret; I felt quite resigned to go with the jolly man passively. Just at that moment, however, I remembered the paper which had been given me by the velvetreen person, and thought that it had better be delivered.

"That being settled satisfactorily," said mamma to me, "you had better follow Susan and go to play. Wish dear Mr. Timbs good-day, and give me a pretty kiss—there's a dear."

"If you please, mamma—"

"Well, well! What is it, Henry; surely you are not going to cry."

"He'd better not," chuckled Timbs, winking at me; "the rogue had better not."

"If you please, mamma, a man told me to give you something; and, if you please, I'm going away in the morning, and had better give it to you now."

"Dear me!" said mamma, opening her eyes. "What man, child?"

I described the velvetreen young man to the best of my humble powers. I was astonished to see both mamma and Mr. Timbs turn very pale. The latter turned to me, half savagely, and then gulped down half a tumbler of wine.

"Scar under the right eye, moustache, pale face, short and stout. Well, I'm blown!"

And he looked like it.

"Oh, it cannot be! it cannot be!" cried mamma, wringing her hands. "Stop; I forgot. You say he gave you something to give to me. Where is it? Quick! give it to me!"

I was astonished, on looking at mamma's face, to see that it was as white as snow. I fumbled in my pocket for the paper, and produced it, very crumpled and dirty. She seized it and glanced her eye over it hastily.

"Mon Dieu, il est ici! Je suis perdue, je suis perdue! Il est ici!"

And she fell back in her chair, in a white swoon, quivering.

The paper dropped from her hand, and dear Mr. Timbs snatched it up fiercely, reading it out, growing paler as he read.

"Wealthy, married, and a mother. Married, 1828. A mother, 1830. Mad. Remember Eugene."

"It's hard," cried dear Mr. Timbs, striking his fist on the table and looking the very reverse of jolly; "it's a tarnation hard, that's what it is. More spite in the Cabinet, and the Bank of England stopped payment! But, blow me, if I didn't think so!"

CHAPTER III.—I TAKE TEA IN THE CITY.

BEFORE I had recovered from my surprise at the effect of my strange communication, I was bundled out of the room by the jolly man, and found myself weeping in the nursery, by the side of Susan. The poor girl, ignorant as she was of the cause of my sorrow, comforted me to the best of her power. I had just dried my tears, and was speculating in my own mind as to the probable cause of the mystery, when Mr. Timbs put his white head in at the door, and told me to look alive. Not precisely understanding how or why I was to do so, and in what matter I was to exhibit my obedience to the mandate, I stared at our visitor with open mouth and eyes, thinking to myself that one so deathly and scared-looking as he was at that moment ought to take the hint about looking alive himself.

"Now, then, look alive!" he repeated. "Come back to your ma, Master Brown."

His white head bobbed away, and I followed it as one might follow a will-o'-the-wisp, into the drawing-room. Mamma had recovered from her swoon, and was sitting bolt upright in her chair, pale, but with firm compressed lips.

"It has been arranged," she said, with a decided nod, "that your journey cannot be put off one moment. Henry, my dear, you must set off at once with Mr. Timbs."

"To-day, mamma?" I murmured appealingly.

"To-day. Three days from this, dear, you will return, I hope, and dear Mr. Timbs will take good care of you while you are away. Dear me, child, you seem astonished!"

"Pooch, ma'am, pooch!" growled the jolly man; "don't pamper him. Your ma's too good to you, Master Brown, and so I tell you. Look here, ma'am. Decision of character was the making of the late Duke of Wellington. Copy him. If Master Brown's to go, say he's to go. Ring the bell, order his things, pass him over to the handy one, and have him toggled."

Here, fumbling in some mysterious hiding-place under his waistcoat, Mr. Timbs produced a small silver watch, which he tapped with his right finger, and then consulted.

"Three o'clock exactly," he observed. "There's a train at four. Quarter for him to get ready; another quarter for us to get something to eat (I'm anxious about it, ma'am, but I never neglect nature); half hour to get to the village. We'll do nicely, if you look sharp, ma'am. Ring for the handy one."

Mamma rang the bell, and the handy one appeared. Mr. Timbs repeated his injunctions to Susan, who looked apologetic. Somehow or other, at sight of Susan's kind, simple face, I burst into tears and sobbed loudly. Mr. Timbs swore a mild oath.

"Oh, blazes it!" he cried. "Was there ever so aggravating a boy as this here Master Brown? He wants to murder his kind, good ma, he does; this here is his gratitude for being brought up respectable."

Mr. Timbs spoke this soliloquy at me in a tone that was half banter, half angry reproach. But he only made me cry the more.

"It is very provoking, indeed," said mamma, testily. "What can all the child?"

"Now, where's the use of asking questions, ma'am? Hang me, if you ain't as bad as he is. Why don't you tell the handy one to take him off, and obey orders?"

"Bless his little heart!" said the handy one, in the folds of whose dress I had hid my tearful face; "he's scared like, and doesn't want to be taken away from us so sudden. Come, Master Henry, you'll go with the gentleman, I know, won't you, deary?"

"Obey my orders, Susan," said mamma, with a stately frown. "I will trouble you to keep your place, and to offer no opinions, unless I ask for them. Take him away."

"Yes, take him away, and be quick, too," said the jolly man.

"I won't go away with him," I screamed. "He's a nasty red thing, and smells of beer, and he wants to run away with me. I hate him."

"Did you ever!" exclaimed Susan, who, however, seemed less surprised than gratified at the personal character of my remarks.

"Oh, what a naughty boy!"

Tears have an interesting effect on some minds, and they always render me reckless. On that occasion, although I had a great dread of Mr. Timbs, I felt competent to defy him, and very little would have made me strike and scratch at him. Susan coaxed and soothed me, but I went on sobbing and screaming.

"I hate him, I say; he's an ugly bear! He wants to kill me. I won't go away with him. I'll stay with Susan and be good, if you send him away. I know he'll beat me. He's nasty and red, and he's got hair like a wild cat."

"When boys," said Timbs, grinning savagely, "when boys in our parts use language like that, we wrap them. When boys in our parts don't know their best friends, we whip their best friends into them. When they get notions which go agin the current of what's right and proper, we whip the notions out of them."

"Henry," said mamma, severely, "if you do not immediately wipe your eyes and do as you are bid, I shall be compelled to beat you."

"She'll be compelled to beat him!" cried Timbs, with a derisive sneer. But Susan caught me up in her arms and carried me away before the threat could be carried into effect. As she bore me along to the nursery, I heard her muttering to herself that it was a sin and a shame, and that it would be a precious good thing if some people were treated in that way themselves. When we got to the nursery, however, she began to tell me that it was very wicked to go on as I had done; that little boys who behaved so were often taken away by the dustman in his bin; that dear Mr. Timbs was a charitable angel; that I was breaking my mamma's heart; and that, finally, I must be a very good little boy—as good as I was rich—and then I should soon return to Soosay-Poosay, and be happy.

I was rather doubtful whether I should ever return to Soosay-Poosay at all, and I said so. But she upset the proposition immediately by stating that I was a little goose, and that I was going with that dear, droll creature, Mr. Timbs, to see my golden egg. To cut this part of my narrative short, I at last became tolerably resigned to my fate, and allowed myself to be attired and cleaned. After the lapse of about twenty minutes, then, Susan led me back again to the drawing-room, where I found Mr. Timbs and mamma impatiently awaiting my arrival.

"Half-past three," said the former, consulting his watch; then he turned to Susan: "Now, my dear, don't be alarmed if you find that the rats have been pitching into the cold meat in the larder, for I've been showing 'em how to make beef sandwiches. Now, then, Master Brown, wish your ma' good-bye and come along; there's not a moment to lose. There, don't you be at it again!"

"Ta, ta, Henry love," said mamma, pressing her burning lips to my cheek. "I'm very, very glad to see that you are going to be good. There, now, go."

Mr. Timbs trotted down stairs, and I followed. At the door Susan caught me in her arms and kissed me fervently, giving me a thousand blessings. So the jolly man and I walked out into the free, fresh March air.

I felt little or no grief at parting from my mamma. Although she had always treated me gently and leniently, I had never learnt to love her, for the simple reason that, in spite of her affectionately kind manner, I was morally conscious that she bore very little love for me—that, in fact, I was rather a bore to her than otherwise. But I had a great dislike to the friend she pandered to; he had so much of the bully in him, and was so vulgar. And here I may observe, for the benefit of metaphysicians, that (*malgré* my loneliness and my dreaminess) my mamma's pride, the fine, droll country house, and the growing consciousness that I was a rich little boy, had gradually rendered me an aristocratic, stuck-up, and conservative in soul, as could well be desired under the circumstances. I disliked vulgar people. Although I was fond of Susan, I am afraid that I rather looked down upon her as an inferior sort of being. I had got to scorn the vulgar village boys who persecuted me. In a word, I was fully conscious of the dignity of my position.

So, apart from my fear of being run away with, I accompanied Mr. Timbs with some misgivings, induced by pride. There was no denying the fact, that he was too red and apologetic, and jolly, and coarse-spoken, to be fit company for a young gentleman of any standing. I went with him, however, passively; for I now felt that it was useless to resist him.

We walked briskly along the quiet country road. My hand was placed in his; I wondered, and no whit less, but neither spoke a syllable for some time. When we reached the railway station, the train was just due; it was the London train, and Mr. Timbs took tickets for one and a half. The train came snorting to the platform. We took our seats by the window, opposite to each other. Our only companions in the carriage were a stonish old gentleman in brown, and a pale, smirking lady of middle age, who appeared to be his wife, both of whom put me considerably out of countenance, by staring at me, as if I had been Mr. Daniel Lambert, a gorilla, an infant with two heads, or some other interesting phenomenon.

We had not been long on the journey, when Mr. Timbs, for some reason of his own, came out in all his glory. He talked to me, made jokes to me, bullied me in the jolliest way imaginable, seasonings his remarks by sundry digs into my young ribs, and pinchings of my young cheek, thereby causing me acute pain, which I was too proud to show. He looked so red and beaming, and jolly, as he sat before me, that I almost fancied that I had been mistaken in my estimate of his character, and that he was the dear, droll creature Susan had described him to be. His disposition seemed as open as his eyes, which latter brimmed with laughter. So he digged into my ribs, and pinched my cheeks, and altogether tortured me in his honest way. I was not surprised, therefore, to hear the sparkling

lady ask the gentleman in brown, in a whisper, if he ever saw so much independence, good nature and heart expressed on a human face; or to hear the gentleman growl in return, that such faces were common among men and Britons, and that such men held the bulwarks of England's liberty against a decayed and depraved aristocracy. Whereupon both lady and gentleman looked admiringly at Mr. Timbs, who had just been within an inch of breaking one of my ribs with his forefinger; and the gentleman, in a confidential tone, asked Mr. Timbs if I was his son, sir. Mr. Timbs, in reply, said that I wasn't his son, sir, but that he'd have thought me worth my victuals if I was, sir; and after a pause, added, that it was stiffish weather, sir, but in his (Mr. Timbs's) opinion, good for the crops; in which opinion the brown gentleman coincided, volunteering, at the same time, some suggestions on guano. So there was a general conversation, which lasted till we reached our destination, when the brown gentleman and the smirking lady walked away, with the belief that Mr. Timbs was the very pink of generous English yeomen.

I had been in London once before, on a tailoring expedition with Susan; and only once, so far as I could recollect. But the dark, gloomy streets, the faded sky above, made me feel dull this time as before; and as we emerged from the station, the beams of the sun, which came full upon my face, seemed unhealthy in their heat. I felt very lonely, too, as I saw the busy crowds roll by, and felt, somehow, like a person shipwrecked in a gloomy sea of human faces.

We walked over a bridge, where there was a toll, and came to a street, where there were shops—large ones. We walked along this street till we came into a square, where there was a monument, and fountains, and large buildings all around. We turned up a by-street, and scaled up a dark entry, which led us into another street. After innumerable windings and turnings, we reached a quiet row of houses, where everything looked dingy and lonely, and halted before a door, on which there was a dirty brass plate, labelled,

M. LORET, PROFESSOR OF DANCING AND CALISTHENICS.

Timbs took a latchkey from his pocket, and opened the door. As we entered, our ears were greeted with groaning sounds of music, resembling those one might produce with a pair of tongs and a gridiron. Timbs gave a sly smile, and put his finger on his lips. We crept up a dark flight of stairs, and halted before a chamber door. Timbs applied his ear to the keyhole, then his eye, while I listened to the sounds which issued from the room. Then he suddenly flung open the door, with a loud laugh, and we entered. The music ceased; there was a slight scream, and somebody cried, "Goodness gracious! Dear me! Well, I never!"

It was a clean, orderly parlor, with rough pictures on the walls, bloated china peasants on the mantelpiece, a bright fire burning in the grate, and a kettle singing songs on the hob. The table was laid for tea; there was a tray and accessories, some watercresses, and a plate of shrimps. Altogether, the room looked cozy and comfortable, but its comfort was of a vulgar nature, and hardly came up to my notions of taste and respectability.

A woman, of about thirty years of age, dressed in a plain chin's gown, was measuring out the tea from a mahogany teacaddy. She was the picture of cleanliness and neatness, but she was far from being a jolly woman. Her hair, which was braided down over her low forehead, was black and glossy; her eyes were dark and keen, and looked you firmly in the face; there were deep, anxious lines about her mouth, which were ever on the quiver. For the rest, she was of middle height, slightly made, but rather graceful than otherwise. A pensive, gloomy woman. When she smiled, her smile was sickly; when she frowned, her frown was dark and thoughtful. She had a slow, quiet manner of speaking, and words seemed to drop from her lips like lead, and fall leadenly on your heart as you listened.

Her companion was a very little man, of about forty. His hair was slightly gray; his face was clean shaven; his eyes were bright and blue; his mouth was firmly cut, and his speech mincing; his forehead was high, but sloped back to the bump of veneration; and when he smiled his little smile, he showed two rows of very white teeth. He was clad in a tight-fitting suit of rusty brown, and in his hand he held a rusty fiddle. If you were in any doubt about his profession, his bean ifal calves would have convinced you that he was a professor of dancing.

"Goodness gracious! Dear me! Well, I never!" cried this last personage, skipping up, fiddle in hand. "If it isn't Timbs."

"If it isn't Timbs," repeated the worthy of that name, chuckling, "you're a nice party, you are, to come dodging after her in my absence. Shrimps, too!"

Here the woman, who had given a slight scream as we entered, broke in. I noticed afterwards that she was nervous to the last degree, and that the slightest sound startled her; she seemed, indeed, like a woman who, at some period of her life, had been scared by some horrible scene.

"You have returned sooner than I expected," she said, "that is all. And Loret here just stooped up to cheer me up a bit. It's dull, sitting here alone; I'm not used to it. But who's this you've got with you? Not him?"

Mr. Timbs chuckled and nodded his head. The woman raised her black, searching eyes, and fixed them on me—half sadly, I thought. Then she placed a clean chair by the fire, and asked me to sit down while she got the tea. The dancing-master rose to go, but Timbs stopped him.

"Don't let me frighten you away," said Mr. Timbs. "I want to talk with you; so sit down and let us be comfortable."

Then he turned to me, with a smile.

"This," he said, pointing to the woman, "is Mrs. Martha Timbs, my wife, Master Brown."

I ventured to say that I was glad to see her, and hoped that Mrs. Martha Timbs was very well.

"And this," he continued, pointing to the dancing-master, "is Mr. Loret" (he pronounced the name with the L), "my landlord. Loret, what's the French for 'Twinkle, twinkle, little star, how I wonder what you are?'"

Mr. Loret smiled a timid smile, and looked uncomfortable.

"He will have his little joke," said Loret, with a very English accent.

"The fact is, Master Brown, he don't know. He was brought over from France when a boy like you, and he's forgotten his native language since. His parents, you see, were a French pair called Jones, and he was known as John Jones in his native country. But as Jones don't pay here, and as Londoners won't believe in French Joneses, he's been rechristened. That's the case, isn't it, Loret?"

And dear Mr. Timbs poked Loret in the side, and beamed and laughed, looking the incarnation of all possible vulgar goodness.

(To be continued.)

AN ADVERT. NOTICE.—The following is a melancholy illustration of the uncertainty of the types. A young gentleman by the name of Conkey having been united in the holy bonds of wedlock, sent the marriage notice, with a copy of his own composition, to a local paper for publication, as follows:

Married—On August 1, A. Conkey, Esq., Attorney-at-Law, to Miss Euphemia Wigmore.

"Love is the union of two hearts that beat in softest melody; Time with its ravages impart no bitter fusion to its ecstasy."

Mr. Conkey looked with much anxiety for the issue of the paper, in order to see his name in print. The compositor into whose charge the notice was passed happened to be on a spree at the time, and made some wonderful blunders in setting it up, thus:—Married—On April 1, A. Donkey, Esq., Eternally at Law, to Miss Euphonia Figgins.

"Love is an odour of two heads that beats in softest melody; Time with its cabbage imparts no better food to an extra drag."

THE SPRING TIME OF LIFE.—Our dancing days.

A FAIRY-HOOD.—On being shown a portrait of himself, very unlike the original, Hood said that the artist had perpetrated a false Hood.

THE SIX STAGES.—Men in at ten, a child; at twenty, wild; at thirty, tame, if ever; at forty, wise; at fifty, rich; at sixty, good, or never.

AN IRISH FEMALE TEXANT.—"I'll trouble you for my month's rent, madame," said a landlady last Monday to one of her tenants.

"I'll pay you as for now?"

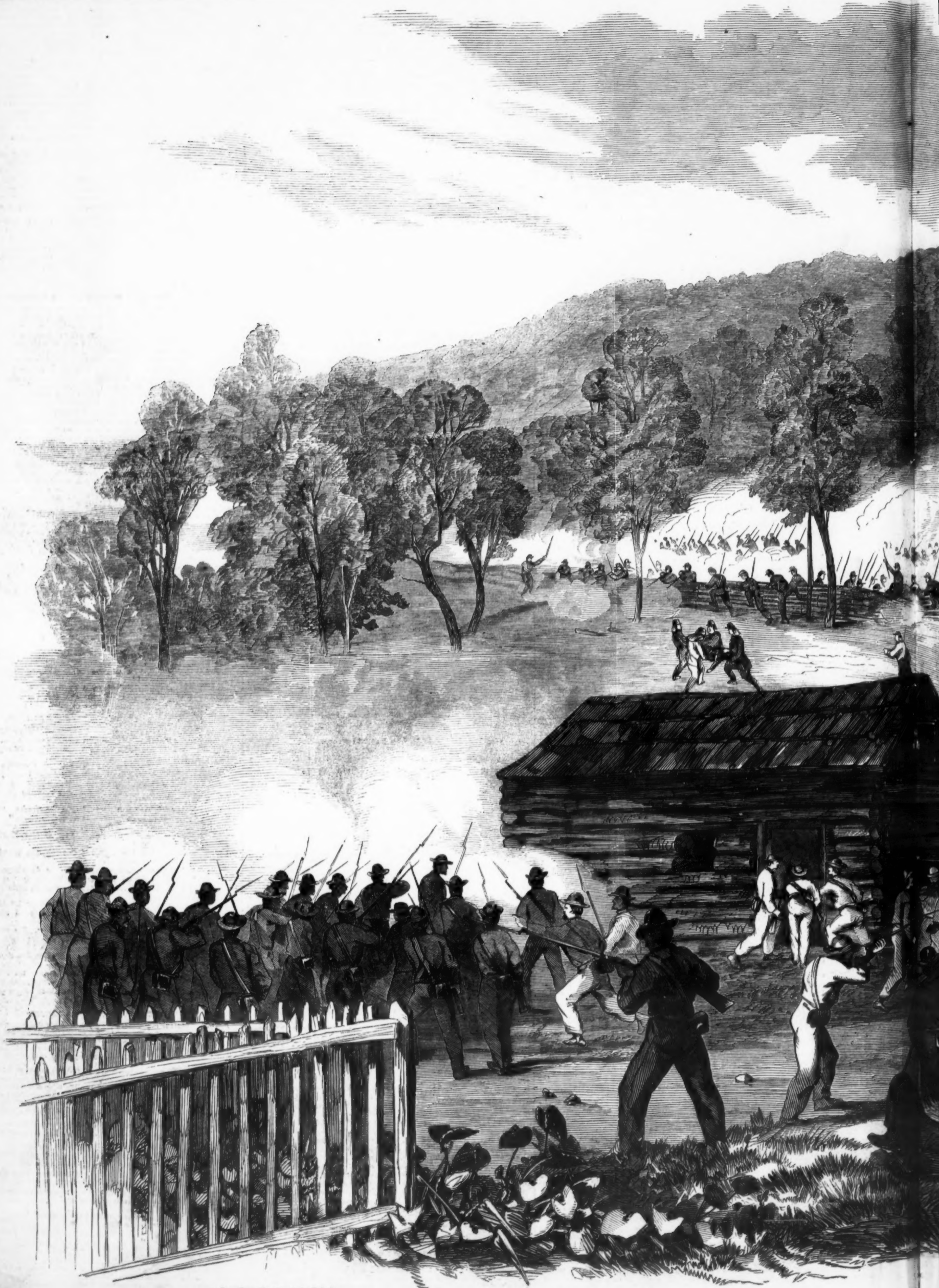
"Yes, madam, two rooms at two dollars a month each."

"Oh, dear, can't ye wait a little time? Sure the likes of ye must have plenty of money," replied the woman, looking at the thin, bent form of the landlord with great contempt.

"But, my dear woman, the money is due, and—"

"Oh, mother, is it deaving me, ye are? an honest, married woman, and blessed mother of seven boys, each big enough to bet the life out of ye. Out of my house, ye monster?" And, unable to give vent to her indignation in any other way, she seized his coat collar, and fairly threw him into the street. The owner intends to let his agent collect the rents of that house in future.

ROMANCE AND REALITY.—It was an incoherent old bachelor who said, "Though some very romantic maiden may also say, 'Give me a husband with the heart that I love; most of the sex vastly prefer a palace with the man they hate.'"



Indiana Thirteenth Regiment

Log Cabin works of the Rebels

Beverly Pike.

BATTLE OF RICH MOUNTAIN, BEVERLY PIKE, VA., BETWEEN A DIVISION OF MAJOR-GENERAL MCCLELLAN'S COMMAND, LED BY GENERAL ROSECRANS, AND THE REBELS, LED BY MAJOR-GENERAL MCCLELLAN.



Indiana Tenth Regiment.

Leg Bonastworks of the Rebels.
Indiana Eighth Regiment.

AND THE REBEL TROOPS UNDER COLONEL PEGRAM TOTAL BOUT OF THE REBELS, WITH GREAT LOSS OF LIFE, JULY 8TH, 1861.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING
L. McCLURE COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 168.

weight of a secret, and what secret could one so pure and guileless have but love? As first, as we have said, Lady Kingswood thought but little of this; it was so natural that Lady Maud should be fond of her cousin Cyril.

Lady Kingswood shuddered as she acknowledged to herself that the wedding-ring she would receive would be but as a ticket in a lottery, in which prize would be the excitement, and black the bitter rain and heart-breaking rule.

She, in pursuance of her plan, had elicited from Lady Maud that she was in love, and she was not a little startled by the revelation—not that she was surprised to hear that she had lost her heart, but she was unpleasantly amazed to find that it was not Cyril who had found it.

As for Philip Avon, it was quite clear that he had succeeded in raising only feelings of repugnance and by in Lady Maud's breast; who, then, could it be who had made himself master of her first love—the sweetest, tenderest, most genuine and unselfish of human passions?

Lady Kingswood racked her brain, but in vain. Lady Maud had, it is true, mixed in society in London. She had come out at the proper time and had attracted considerable attention, but although she had been the object of direct admiration to several, Lady Kingswood was quite convinced that Lady Maud had not reciprocated the emotion in she had evidently created.

A strange, deadly thrill ran through her frame as she recalled the fine, open face of Eric Gower crossed her vision.

Yet it was impossible that he could have won her heart! The youth was haughty and reserved. He had been but little in her company, and had, in fact, displayed rather a disposition to be hostile and antagonistic to all the family than to approach any individual member with love-pleadings.

Yet he had once, at the imminent risk of his own life, saved her from a terrible death, and now Lady Kingswood suddenly remembered that time Lady Maud had scarcely, if ever, mentioned his name to her, but that she had repelled the demonstrative assaults which Philip Avon had heaped up on him, and the terrible accusations which Philip had insinuated rather than preferred against him, with indignation it not passion.

Once upon this trail, Lady Kingswood tracked, with care each incident which might be brought in so as way to bear upon her present surmise. The events, as forming a chain of evidence, were feeble and inconclusive, but there were one or two of them which were startlingly confirmatory of the truth of her first vague surmise.

She began to entertain most unpleasant misgivings about the old library, in connection with the sudden reappearance of the phantom in whom Eric was said to resemble. It was also a source of uneasiness to her when she remembered the effect Philip Avon's allusion to the event had upon Lady Maud. It was true that she had, ever since her last arrival at Kingswood Hall, disappeared for a short

period each morning to visit, as Lady Kingswood now supposed, the old library; but it was also true that Lady Maud, from a child, had been fond of visiting the solemn old chamber, to pore over some of the quaint, antique lore stored away on its shelves. She had done a little long before Eric appeared like a specter of evil upon the scene, and there appeared, therefore, not to be any cause for surprise that she should do so now. Still, Philip Avon's mention, with singular significance, of the phantom of the hunter-baron, and Lady Maud's evident perturbation, if not absolutely a confirmation of her own fears, went some way to strengthen them.

The lion, once conceived, took a strange hold upon her mind, and a cold, numbing furtiveness seized her. She had believed it impossible to add to the mental torture she already suffered, but she found her present reflections a subject calculated to inflict an anguish almost as acute as the conduct of Lord Kingswood had occasioned her.

When Lady Maud opened her eyes and recognized the face of Lady Kingswood bending over her, she heaved a deep sigh. Then her eyes, with an anxious expression in them, took a survey of the apartment, and the lids closed over them in relief as she perceived that Lady Kingswood and herself were alone.

Gradually, as her thoughts went back to the moment when insensibility came upon her, a rose tint suffused her cheek and brow. She rose up suddenly from her reclining attitude, and would have quitted her couch but that Lady Kingswood prevented her.

"Rest where you are, my dear Maud," she exclaimed, hastily. "You have been recovered from a swoon; you are weak and far from well. Repose, therefore, and a calm mind will be necessary to re-establish your health."

Lady Maud instinctively apprehended the examination which was about to take place. She inwardly prayed to be guided aright in the course she might pursue, not that she had any definite notion of the path it would be most advisable for her to take. Indeed, she had no counting, and though not deficient in quickness of perception and sagacity, she had the one too she was of a kind to lead her into deceptive warnings or subtle treacheries.

"You have become deathly white again, Maud," said Lady Kingswood to her, gently. "Do you feel your faintness returning?"

Lady Maud dropped her head slightly, and answered, in a low voice, "No."

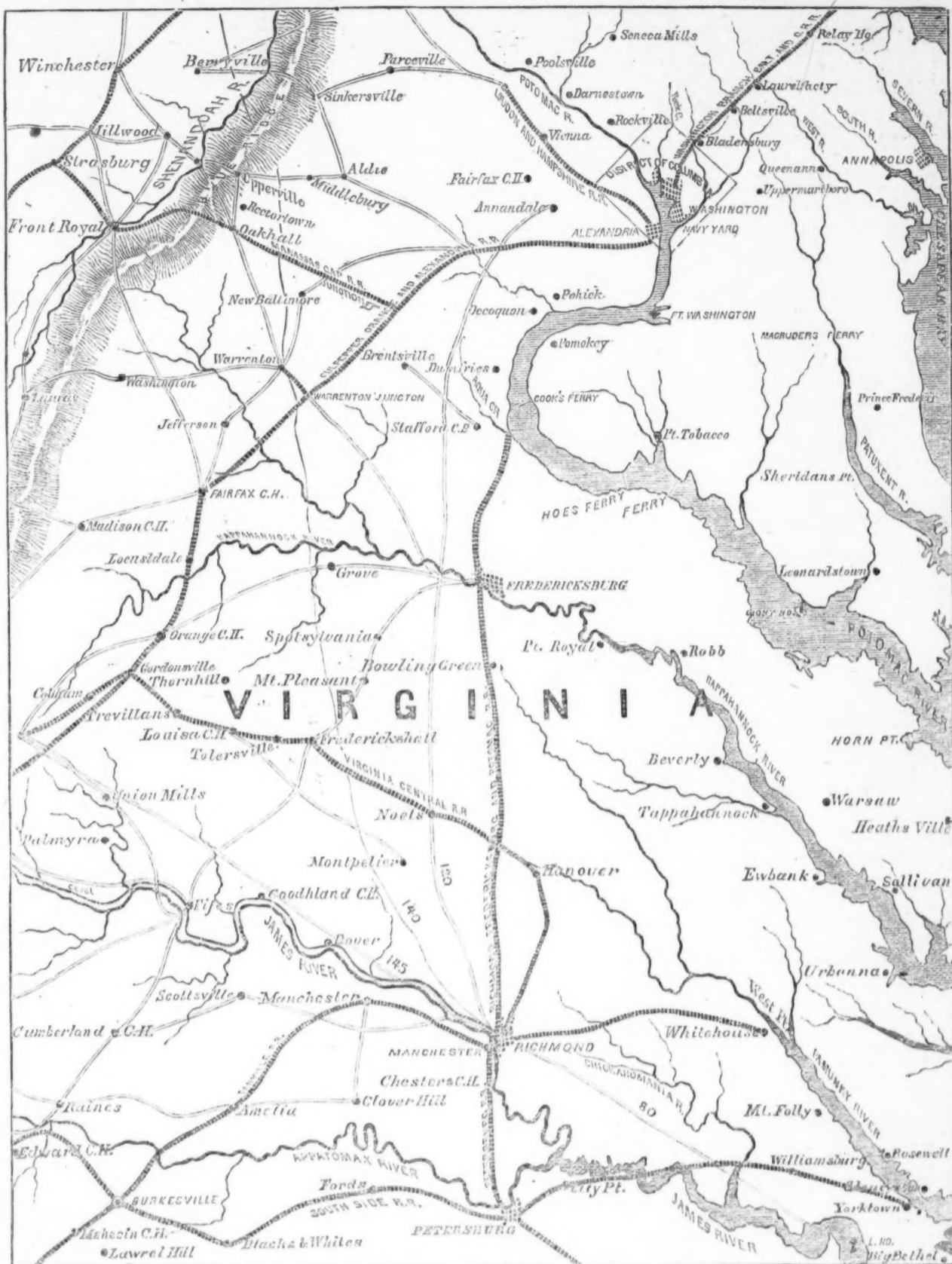
"I will not quit you, dearest," continued Lady Kingswood, in a tender tone; "therefore lay your head upon this cushion, and perhaps a little sleep."

"I do not wish to sleep," murmured Lady Maud. "I—I am not fit."

"But you faint when Mr. Philip Avon was speaking to you. If you were not ill, why should you be so seriously overwrought?" observed Lady Kingswood.

"I do not like him," returned Lady Maud, with slight emphasis.

Lady Kingswood replied, quietly, with some emphasis in her voice, "Sometimes we form most erroneous conclusions, both then and children," she said. "I found that Mr. Philip Avon is somewhat unscrupulous in his observations as well as in his manners. In Mr. Philip Avon you have a young man of unprofessional exterior, of ancient and secret sin of weak passions. In addition to which he is devoted to you, imbued, in fact, with a passion—I might say an adoration—of which any woman might be proud because he will elevate you, when he makes



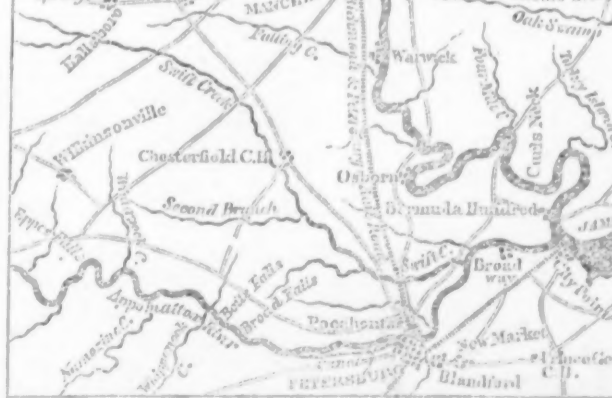
MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN EASTERN VIRGINIA, FROM HANGING ROCK TO THE PATAPSCO RIVER, AND FROM LITTLE BETHEL TO LAUREL HILL INCLUSIVE.—SEE PAGE 174.

you his wife, above all other women. Your dislike, therefore, is, as I have character and is a hasty, unconsidered impression, which you will do wisely for your future happiness to at once correct."

Lady Maud's eyebrows contracted yet more decidedly, and her lips compressed a little more tightly, as these significant words reached her ear, but she still remained perfectly silent.

"One of these states of feeling," continued Lady Kingswood, increasing the sternness of her tone, "is but too often dependent on the other. The emotion of dislike is brought into play by the unfortunate liking, but the latter emotion is created when it may, antedate and outlast the former. And unhappily the dislike is usually belated in the exact ratio as the liking increases in warmth."

Lady Maud continued silent; she did not attempt to sequence in or to dis-



VICINITY OF RICHMOND, VA., SHOWING THE APPROACHES TO THE CITY.—PAGE 174.

Kingwood had married this boy's mother, but that statement fell dead on her ear. She never for one instant entertained a doubt that she was Lord Kingswood's wife; but it would have required some supernatural power of persuasion to have induced her to believe that she was not her husband's son, under circumstances the most extraordinary and disabling to her.

She might therefore well feel, with implacable bitterness, a commination from Lady Maud's lips that she loved Eric. She might well hesitate to ask for it, because she was attached to Lady Maud, and such an acknowledgment as she dreaded would necessarily separate them for ever in this world, unless Maud sacrificed her feelings, and consented never to see or think of Eric more.

Several times Lady Kingswood essayed to speak, but the words seemed to cling to her throat and to refuse to be articulate. At length she said, panting as she spoke,

"I will concede to you, Lady Maud, the view you take of the revelation—the grave, the very serious question you have made to me—but, I have entered thoughtfully, and regretting in an inconsiderate estimation of the real powers and capabilities of your heart."

"No, Lady Kingswood!" exclaimed Lady Maud, with a startling, passionate fervor in her tone.

Lady Kingswood involuntarily started from her. It was evident that the revelation gave her great pain. She closed her eyes like one suffering from a spasm, but after a moment's pause she turned her face, with a sad and gloomy expression, to the lady, and, with a trembling hand, she laid her hand upon her forehead, and her eyes were fixed upon her.

Lady Maud threw up her head proudly for a moment, but she saw how seriously Lady Kingswood was affected, and her voice and manner became suddenly low and trembling as before.

"Lady Kingswood," she said, "you are in your supposition. You are, too, guilty of a cruel injustice. My love has not been won from me basely or surreptitiously; on the contrary, it has been frankly and freely bestowed. You wrong me also, Lady Kingswood, in presuming that I love where I cannot honor. He to whom I have given my heart is noble and generous in sentiment and spirit. He would scorn to be guilty of a mean or dishonorable action. I would stake my life upon his being a true and loyal gentleman, who would do proudly dare a living man to cast an asperion on him in his presence, and who would meet and defeat it as he would meet and defeat a lie."

As he is for himself, of his nature, possibly and mentally he is not second to the bravest, noblest, the highest in the land. Undaunted in courage, gentle in speech, truthful in thought and action, and incapable of producing a blush on the cheek of another, or upon his own, he requires no ancient name, nor title, nor vast worldly possessions to claim that seat in my heart which he, even unconsciously himself, won, and from which, Lady Kingswood, no living earthly power can displace him."

"This human paradox," she said, in cold tones, "has a name, I presume? Communicate it to me."

"Permit me, Lady Kingswood," replied Lady Maud, rather emphatically. "That is a portion of the secret which I have told you to you to demand, or even to me to reveal. That I love I have admitted. That a mistake it was a very excusable right to make but for the present I must pause, and I trust you not to press me further, only to receive from my lips a succession of refusals as painful to you as to me."

(Continued on page 175.)

pute Lady Kingswood's argument, and the latter became, therefore, proportionably the more determined and dogmatic in her observations.

"You have confessed to me, Lady Maud," she continued, a color coming into her cheek, and a haughtiness commingling with her gravity, "that you have fallen in love—fallen in love," she repeated, with a scornful curl of the lip. "School girls fall in love with their Italian masters or the poor creature who teaches them drawing, or the man who unfolds to them the mysteries of music, and in a very short time they awake from their childish infatuation to bluish folly, and be violently angered with themselves for having been so feeble-minded and weak-spirited—awake to look back in self-contempt upon their poor, vain tribulations. Now, this love that you fancy you entertain is, I much fear, somewhat very much of the nature of what I have described."

Lady Maud rose up, and with a heaving bosom and a brightening eye, interposed,

"Lady Kingswood," she said, in a trembling voice, "you have had experience, I am aware. You have, no doubt, during your past married life, and perhaps previously, met with persons animated by feelings such as you have described. I do not deny the correctness of your assertions until you personally me. So long as your ladyship confined yourself to generalities I felt that they did not apply to me, and, therefore, ought not to affect me; but when you make a definite charge against me, when you include me in the category of the poor fellows, who have acted in the weak and culpable manner you have described, I must protest against its truth."

Lady Kingswood rose up to go.

"Did you not, Lady Maud," she exclaimed, excitedly, "confess to me that you loved?"

"You extended that confession from me, Lady Kingswood," returned Maud, in a calmer tone.

"I started it," cried Lady Kingswood. "To me it seems that it was a gratuitous acknowledgment."

"No," returned Maud, "Oh, Lady Kingswood, you must be aware that it could never have been spoken by me under present circumstances had you not watched over me in my sleep, heard words muttered in my dreams, and then repeating them to me, with certain comments of your own, presented to me an interpretation of them which, without destroying my truthfulness, I could not have denied."

Lady Kingswood stood immovable; her face had grown white, her eyes were fixed on Maud's face, her nostrils were dilated, her lips severely white, and her bosom heaved and fell under the powerful inward emotion which Lady Maud's last observation had created.

It was, then, a fact—a truth! She loved, and the object of her love was a secret.

She had no doubt that Eric was Lord Kingswood's son, but with the bar sinister on his escutcheon, the Marquis of Chatham had certainly told her that Lord

Kingwood had married this boy's mother, but that statement fell dead on her ear. She never for one instant entertained a doubt that she was Lord Kingswood's wife; but it would have required some supernatural power of persuasion to have induced her to believe that she was not her husband's son, under circumstances the most extraordinary and disabling to her.

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(Continued on page 175.)





ERLE GOWER.

(Continued from page 170.)

"Lady Maud," returned Lady Kingswood, severely, "probably you will be good enough to step from your pedestal of romance into this every-day, working world. You are the Lady Maud St. Clair, moving in a high sphere, and known to the world as such. You cannot fix your affections at will upon some unknown person, and sacrifice name, fame, and all who are nearly connected with you, because you happen to be fascinated by some individual lurking in secrecy, and you fallaciously clothe him with attributes not one of which he probably possesses. You must make sacrifices to your position."

"Lady Kingswood, I am asked—nay, I am severely commanded—to sacrifice peace, happiness, even self-respect for the sake of my station," cried Lady Maud, with passionate earnestness.

"Your self-respect, Lady Maud?" echoed Lady Kingswood.

"My self-respect, Lady Kingswood," repeated Lady Maud, with excitement. "Has not Lord Kingswood commanded me, have you not exhorted me to give my hand to Mr. Philip Arden?"

"But, Lady Maud," responded Lady Kingswood, "this is a marriage—"

"Of horror, of degradation, of contamination to me, Lady Kingswood," cried Lady Maud, passionately. "I detest, abhor, loathe this man. His aspect, his manner, his whole being is to me intensely odious. I sickened at his smile; I shudder at his approach. I believe him to be unscrupulous and unworthy, yet Lord Kingswood would drag me before Heaven's own altar, and insist upon my false swearing myself; would compel me to register a vow to love, to honor and to obey him—him of all men living whom I detest, I despise, and to whom I would never render obedience. I might, Lady Kingswood, be prepared to make some sacrifice to a nation which, under its best aspect, is now painfully like me; but that I will barter my self-respect, or drag my sense of truth, violate every sentiment with which happiness and virtue are bound up in this life—I cannot. I will not, Lady Kingswood."

Lady Kingswood gazed at her with astonishment for a few minutes, seemingly bewildered by the force of her reasoning. But presently she recovered herself, and said with some vehemence, although she preserved the lady's haughtiness she had assumed:

"Lady Maud, you are still regarding this question from an exceedingly romantic point of view. This is not a question of love at all, it is a question of duty, Lady Maud. I have made duty my life-star through life; I have made compromise a sacrifice for duty; and—"

The door gently opened, Mrs. Muddlemist put her head in, and then glided in immediately afterwards.

"Oh, if you please, my lady," she said, approaching Lady Kingswood, "Mr. Pharisce, Lord Kingswood's valet, has arrived, in lady, and he wishes to see your ladyship. I believe, my lady, he brings a special message from his lordship, my lady, and is requested by his lordship to deliver it himself to your ladyship, my lady."

Lady Kingswood turned a ghastly hue as she received this announcement, and she involuntarily staggered back a step or two. It had arrived in the midst of her lecture on duty somewhat inopportunely.

"—I will see Pharisce," she said, in a voice which had grown husky.

"Conduct him to my boudoir, Muddlemist; I will see him there."

Mrs. Muddlemist went through the ceremony of an elaborate curtsy, and then trotted, or rather strutted off, in her peculiar old-fashioned stately way.

Lady Kingswood, whose manner had strangely altered within the last minute, having changed from haughty to humility, turned to Lady Maud, and said:

"It is important that we should again confer upon this subject. I hope yet to prevail with you, Maud; at present you cut him a strained, a wrong view of Lord Kingswood's wishes, and—my own."

She fluttered on the last word, and it was almost inaudible. It mattered little. Lady Maud did not appear to heed it if she heard it.

She sank upon the couch as Lady Kingswood—like one in a dream—quitted the apartment, and murmured, as her tears fell thick and fast:

"Erle, Erle, Erle, Erle, or death!"

One of Lady Kingswood's most anxious wishes had been, since she had arrived at Kingswood Hall, to obtain a secret interview with Pharisce.

She was anxious to know what had transpired since that night on which she had quit the picture-gallery in Kingswood House, when the sudden appearance of Lady Maud in a state of semi-imbalance saved her from committing a capital breach of that duty on which she had so recently enlarged with such ardor to Lady Maud.

She knew not how the Marquis of Chillingham had made his escape from the picture-gallery any more than she knew how he had obtained admission to it. As Pharisce had no doubt introduced him, so no doubt he had conducted him safely away again, so she had heard nothing about it, and she had seen the Marquis of Chillingham perfectly unchanged in demeanor and appearance at Kingston.

She had not seen him since that horrible night, and had yet to learn what had happened—what was brewing.

She had access to the chamber in which Pharisce awaited her by a communication direct to that which had admitted him, and she entered the room in which he was seated with the carriage of an empress.

She slightly and easily inclined her head as he rose up and bowed profoundly to her, and, leaning in to kiss her, she left him standing.

A glance told her that there was a great change in the man's exterior. He was dressed in black as usual, but there was a style in the cut and fashion of his clothes which were very different to those befitting one holding his position. Then his straight black hair curled to have been trimmed and curled, and his whiskers had been dressed to a gracefulness which was startling.

"Your business with me, Pharisce?" said Lady Kingswood, coldly, as the valet stood motionless and silent.

He looked at her pale, rigid countenance, and his teeth slightly grated.

"It is of importance to your ladyship," he replied.

Her lip curled.

"You bring, I am informed by Muddlemist, a communication from Lord Kingswood to me. I have formed an intention after what has passed, of declining to receive or to receive his communications or messages from his lordship. On reconsidering this determination, I will hear what you have to say."

Mrs. Muddlemist correctly delivered to your ladyship the message I forwarded by her," returned Pharisce, in a smooth tone. "It was a precaution of importance to be observed, your ladyship, to state to the servants that I have been honored with the commands of Lord Kingswood to convey to your ladyship a communication from him. It would indeed have been thoughtless and unbecoming on my part to have directed Mr. Muddlemist to say that I wished to see your ladyship on your business and my own."

Lady Kingswood knew not how to reply. She felt the audacity of the observation, but she had made him a confidant, and she could not object to his observation. She did not; she remained silent.

"I am, therefore, your ladyship, here upon very grave and serious business connected exclusively with your ladyship, and—your most humble and devoted slave."

"Your ladyship will remember that you urged upon me the task of discovering the whole of the mystery connected with Mr. Erle Gower and the relationship in which he stands to Lord Kingswood. I have made the greatest exertions to comply with your ladyship's commands," he said, with quiet but deliberate emphasis. "At the risk of rousing the suspicions of Lord Kingswood, of incurring his displeasure—indeed, Lady Kingswood, at the hazard of my own existence—I found a clue to certain individuals who were in possession of all the facts, and I have tracked them, dogged them, watched them, secreted myself where I could overhear their mutual statements and admissions, all bearing on the one subject, and all directed to the one same terrible conclusion."

Lady Kingswood passed her hand across her eyes, and then, with an effort, said:

"I have myself reached a conclusion upon this horrible affair. I do not desire to hear the slightest details. I have fully determined upon my course; and, therefore, Pharisce, I request you for the present to be silent on this impudent and degrading story."

"Pardon me, my lady," he returned, rather hastily. "I am afraid that your course and I tell very far short of the truth. The facts are unfortunately in too trifling that your ladyship can possibly have contemplated."

"What facts can be more trifling than that I have introduced my lady into beneath this roof is a son of my Lord Kingswood?" responded Lady Kingswood, bitterly.

Pharisce shrugged his shoulders.

"If it were only that, my lady, the difficulty now existing might be soon got over," he exclaimed. "Lord Kingswood has had his fair share of that your ladyship has a living proof—and his lordship would be scarcely known to this, date to challenge the old platitudes of your ladyship's friendship with the Marquis of Chillingham."

Lady Kingswood's eyes flared fire.

"How dare you insinuate?" she cried, angrily.

He stopped her.

"Pray, pardon me, Lady Kingswood, I do not insinuate," he cried, deprecatingly. "I do not desire, much I am anxious, to do so. I know Lord Kingswood to be proud, haughty, impetuous and jealous of that honor he has but so ill preserved. I merely suggest that his right to exercise a control over your ladyship's actions would be destroyed by his own infidelity to your ladyship. I am only saying if your ladyship's conclusion was the sum of the wrong done to you, it might be surmounted. Not, of course, without considerable pain and vexation to your ladyship, but sufficiently to keep the world from becoming acquainted with the unpleasant events which have transpired. But unhappily, your ladyship, that conclusion does not reach the dreadful truth."

"The dreadful truth!" echoed Lady Kingswood, with an alarmed expression stretching over her features.

She did not like the peculiar gravity of Pharisce's words, nor the air of mystery with which he prefaced a communication which seemed to promise to be more fearful than any she had yet heard respecting Lord Kingswood's conduct to her.

"It is, my lady, I am grieved to say, not all indeed; it is very far from being all that your ladyship will have to hear," he replied.

She groaned.

"Keep me not in suspense, Pharisce," she gasped.

Pharisce laid upon her handsome face and fine form, and a gulp appeared to swell at his throat, but adhering to his cringing attitude and his lawless tone of voice, he said:

"Your ladyship is aware that there are not only strange traditions clinging to the House of Kingswood, but that there are strange, incomprehensible circumstances occurring within and in the vicinity of this ancient hall."

"I am aware of that," remarked Lady Kingswood.

"The slight and the noise seen and heard within the old part of this antique

hall may be taken, Lady Kingswood, for what they are worth," continued Pharisce, "inasmuch that their value depends upon the reliability of the individuals making the statements. But I believe that no doubt does exist in the mind of any person residing within this Hall, or within its neighborhood for miles, that there actually is a living Wonder of Kingswood Chase."

"The living wonder!" gasped Lady Kingswood. And then she remembered that Erle and Maud had both spoken of a young and beautiful girl they had met in the Chase, that she had then on one easy impression that Cyril, acquainted with the extent and the residence of this system of beauty, had formed a wild, romantic attachment to her, which was the clue to his changed appearance and altered manner, and that Erle had stated that this young lovely forest maiden had been named by one of their gamekeepers the Wonder of Kingswood Chase."

She was versed in the traditions of the House, and at the time Erle made this communication to her it had deeply affected her; now Pharisce's mention of her in advance of the revelation he was about to make almost froze the blood in her veins.

"What—what of her?" she sobbed, in a hoarse voice.

Pharisce bent his eyes slowly and steadfastly upon Lady Kingswood, and emphasizing each word he said:

"This young lady is in the face the counterpart of the weird Lady Maud. I have seen her, Lady Kingswood. So, indeed, has your ladyship."

A thrill of terror went through Lady Kingswood's frame.

"The weird Lady Maud?" she ejaculated. "I—I have seen her? Where?"

"In the carriage-ride in Hyde-park, my lady, on horseback, side by side with Mr. Erle Gower, and also, I believe, at the Marquis of Chillingham's."

"I remember her well—yes—yes, pale, fair, spiritual—and, oh, heaven! in truth, fearfully like unto the statue of Lady Maud in the old library," cried Lady Kingswood, passing under her chin.

"The statue," repeated Pharisce. "The weird Lady Maud was a Kingswood, my lady, and it was naturally suggested that none but a Kingswood would so closely resemble one of the most loved of the ancestry."

Lady Kingswood buried her face in her hands, and a passionate burst of tears forced their way through her eyelids and trickled beneath her white fingers.

But almost instantaneously she flung back her face, and with the water yet gleaming in her eyes, she said:

"You mean, in fact, to tell me that Erle and this girl are brother and sister?"

"It is even so, my lady," he replied, in an insinuating tone; "but I do not see how such a fact would add materially to the injury inflicted upon you by Lord Kingswood, but with that comes into combination with another fact, the injury then becomes irreparable."

"With another fact?" half shrieked Lady Kingswood, rising up. "Mm, you torture, madden me by this slow, rickened recital. I cannot endure it; give me at once to know the whole dreadful secrets you are about to reveal."

She towered above him, and with clenched hands and outstretched arms, started on him. He shrunk back a pace or two, and said, rather hurriedly:

"In brief, then, my lady, that Erle is the heir of Kingswood; the girl, my lord's legitimate daughter. You are, in fact, not Lady Kingswood, and your son, Mr. Cyril, is entitled to bear only your maiden name."

Lady Kingswood gazed upon him like one who had been smitten by a stroke of paralysis. She clutched at a table for support, and then staggering back, sank senseless upon a couch.

Pharisce moved towards her, after casting a furtive glance round the apartment; he did not summon assistance, for having expected some such scene, he had provided himself with a bottle of smelling-salts.

He applied it to Lady Kingswood's nostrils, and in silence watched her recovery. She awoke like one from out a frightful dream, but the long, sallow face of Pharisce caught her eyes, and a half-smothered shriek burst from her lips, and again she hid her face in her hands.

"Lady Kingswood," he said, in a low tone, "you remember what I have communicated to you?"

An agonized groan burst from her lips.

"It cannot be true!" she exclaimed, in a tone of intense anguish.

"It is true," he returned, with emphasis. "It is true, Lady Kingswood. I know where the marriage between Lord Kingswood and the mother of the children was solemnized. I know the name and the residence of the clergyman by whom it was performed. I have seen the certificate duly signed and witnessed of the marriage, and I can establish beyond dispute that it took place before you went through the farce of a wedding with Lord Kingswood. Let me now ask you, Lady Kingswood, what course, after this, you intend to pursue?"

The strange, almost insistent tone he suddenly assumed roused Lady Kingswood out of her stupor. She turned her flashing though humid eyes upon him, as if to demand of him how he dared put such a question to her.

"I saw the book, and interpreted it correctly."

"Lady Kingswood," he said, as she remained indolently silent, "let me answer that question for you. Kingswood Hall is no longer a home for you. You cannot remain beneath this roof even if you had the same sort of spirit to wish it, which I am sure you have not. You must therefore depart hence—but where? Again I say, I have answered that question. Your ladyship bade me name my own reward for the service I have rendered you, and to claim it when I will. It is due now, and I claim it. It is yourself, Lady Kingswood! I have long loved you passionately."

She hid her head upon the bell, and rang it frantically.

Pharisce's face became an olive color. The act was performed before he had the power to arrest it.

"Beware, Lady Kingswood," he cried, in a guttural voice, "of my revenge!"

The door opened, and a man servant appeared.

Lady Kingswood extended her hand to him in a commanding tone, and said:

"Stand you there to guard the door, but with your voice summon half-a-dozen of your fellows here."

The man, with an air of astonishment, did as he was ordered.

Pharisce, with a face of a whitish-green hue, showed his teeth as a bound would his fangs.

"Lady Kingswood, I bid you beware!" he cried, hoarsely.

"Silence, wretch!" she shrieked rather than spoke, and addressing the servant, she said, in tones of quivering indignation, "If he dares attempt to utter another word strike him to the ground."

The servant advanced manfully with a menacing manner, and as he did so three or four men servants appeared.

Lady Kingswood, erect and immovable as a statue, save that she pointed to Pharisce, said, in a voice the unobscured to make calm, to the men who pressed in:

"I say that fellow who has dared to fasten upon me an insult of an outrageous kind. I wish him thrust into the park, and fling him thence through the gateway into the road beyond!"

In an instant Pharisce, to whom all these men had been so civil previously, was seized in their arms, and they bore him, struggling violently, down the staircase, and thru him out of the hall; then, with sticks and riding-whips, they chased him through the park, leaving him almost senseless and held from neck to heel, groaning and fainting on the pathway without the park gates.

When the noise of the men hurrying Pharisce had ceased, Lady Kingswood, pale as a spectre, tottered to her boudoir and locked herself within.

As her hand left the key, there was a sound within of one who had fallen lifeless on the floor.

(To be continued.)

OUR MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR.

We present in this number the completest map hitherto engraved of the seat of war, which will enable our readers to trace the operations of the contending armies. We have also prepared a table of distances of the principal places.

	Washington.	Richmond.	Fortress Monroe.	Warrenton.	Yorktown.	Baltimore.
Alexandria	9	122	127	60	170	42
Petersburg	156	22	65	145	109	169
Manassas Junction	29	87	125	63	143	65
Richmond	154	—	75	135	100	108
Fortress Monroe	120	75	—	175	169	155
Hampton Ferry	63	125	175	—	168	81
Yorktown	160	100	175	158	—	201
Grafton	163	200	250	125	178	183
Culpepper	60	68	131	65	100	91
Aquia Creek	45	60	110	70	118	93
Philadelphia	156	219	219	145	278	98
Baltimore	28	139	156	81	190	—
New York	226	260	285	220	360	187
Trenton	115	240	258	175	370	120
Yorktown	10	70	27	180	369	141
Sewall's Point	150	85	20	190	370	163
Washington	—	124	168	63	160	38

THE INFERNAL MACHINE.

Designed by the Rebels to Destroy the United States Fleet in the Potomac.

An infernal machine, designed by the rebels to blow up the Pawnee and the vessel of the Potomac flotilla, which was set adrift near Aquia Creek, was picked up on the 7th inst., floating toward the Pawnee. The following description of the article has been sent to the Navy Department: "Two large eighty-gallon oil-casks, perfectly watertight, acting as buoy, connected by twenty-five fathoms of three and a half inch rope, buoyed with large squares of cork every two feet, secured to casks by iron handles. A heavy bomb of boiler iron, fitted with a brass top, and filled with powder, is suspended to the cask six feet under water. On top of the cask is a wooden box, with four in a gutter-perch tube. In the centre of the cork is a platform with a great length of fuse coiled away, occupying the middle of the cask."

It was intended by the contrivers of this weapon of civilized warfare that the shock of a collision should light the fuse.

OUR MAP OF RICHMOND AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

Our map of Richmond will be found very interesting at the present time, as it will enable our readers to follow every move of the two armies and note the progress of the war as it approaches the Capital of the Confederate States. Richmond, the Capital of Virginia, is situated on the north-east bank of James River, and is about one hundred miles in a straight line from Washington, although its distance by railroad is one hundred and thirty-four miles. Its population is about twenty-two thousand white, eleven thousand slaves, and two thousand two hundred colored persons. The city is built on several hills, the most considerable of which are the Richmond and Shockoe Hills. These two hills are separated by a small stream called Shockoe Creek. Till lately it has not been fortified, but since the rebellion there have been many batteries planted. It is also defended by four camps. At the present time it is the seat of the Confederate Government, the Rebel Congress having met there on the 20th July for the dispatch of business, when Mr. Jefferson Davis delivered his address, which is noticed in another column. The Capitol and public buildings are situated on Shockoe Hill.

TRIALS OF NEW GUNS AND SHELLS AT WEST POINT.

A GOVERNMENT trial of Hotchkiss's shot and shell, and of Wiard's steel rifle cannon, was commenced last week under the direction of Lieutenant S. V. B. not, U.S.O., the most efficient officer in command at this post. The trials of shot and shell were very successful at the target, placed at a distance of sixteen hundred and fifty yards; four miles were reached in the long range firing at an elevation of twenty-four degrees from a common bronze six-pounder, rifle, and carrying twelve pounds Hotchkiss shot and shell.

One of Wiard's six-pounder steel guns was fired a few times on Wednesday, with shot that were too small. The trials with these guns will be resumed during the present week. The guns weigh seven and twelve hundred weight respectively, carrying six and twelve pound shot and shell. Two of these admirable guns have been ordered on to Washington, and are undergoing a trial by Captain Dahlgren, by order of the Secretary of the Navy, with a view to their ultimate adoption by the authorities. Three six gun batteries were contracted for some time since by General Sigbee, and three similar batteries have been contracted for by the State of Illinois. There are many valuable improvements connected with the carriages and gun, which have been made by Mr. Norman Wiard, the inventor, who has for a collaborator Mr. H. L. Stuart.

Three great establishments have been brought to cooperate in producing these guns—the Franklin Forge, Messrs. Tugnot, Dally & Co.; Messrs. Carpenter & Plaster, First avenue and Twenty-ninth street; and John Stephenson, the eminent carriage builder. From one to three batteries can be turned out per week, and Messrs. Tiffany & Co. have prepared to become the agents for the sale of these guns.

West Point is very dull, with the exception of Roe's West Point Hotel, which is crowded constantly with transient visitors, it being the only hotel now on the Point. There is no more charming summer resort than West Point and the Highlands of the Hudson. The Cadets are in camp at present.

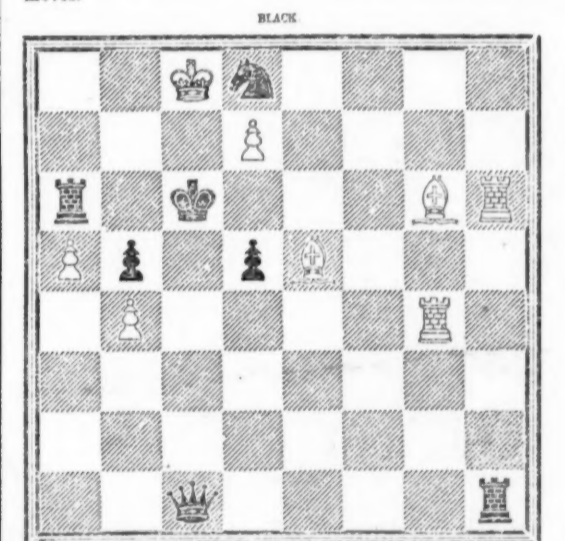
THE PIRATES' MISHAP.

Within the last few days there have been three arrivals which have illustrated some of the heroism of the seas. The first was the arrival of the Costa Rica with two of the practical crew of the Sumpter on board. It appears that off the Isle of Pines the pirate ship Sumpter fell in with a British ship called the Cuba, bound for Liverpool, and took possession of her, sending five men on board as a prize crew. The gallant Britisher watched an opportunity, and overpowered the pirates, putting them in irons. Meeting with the Costa Rica, he transferred two of the pirates to that vessel. Both the Cuba and Costa Rica have arrived in New York, and delivered their prisoners into the hands of justice. On Sunday a still more interesting arrival was announced—the schooner S. J. Waring. This vessel was captured on the 7th by the pirate ship J. F. Davis, and five men were placed on board as a prize crew. On the morning of the 10th the negro steward, Tillman, attacked the captain and first and second mates as they were asleep, killed them, and threw the bodies overboard. He then assumed command of the S. J. Waring, and steered her into New York. All honor to the daring seaman!

CHESS.

All communications for the Chess Department should be addressed to T. Frère, Chess Editor, Home Life Insurance Co., 171 Broadway, N. Y.

PROBLEM No. 301.—Inscribed to Dr. Nozinger, Indianapolis, Ind., by FRANK, of Kalamazoo. White to play and checkmate in three moves.



A GAME recently played at Richmond, Ind., between Mr. E., the strongest player of Richmond, and FRANK, of Kalamazoo, Mich.

(White's Game.)

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1 P to K4	P to K4	15 Kt to K3	K to Q2
2 P to K4	P to K4	16 Q to K3	K to Q2
3 Kt to B3	P to K4	17 Q to K3	K to Q2
4 P to Q3	P to K4	18 P to Q4	P to Q4
5 P to Q3	P to K4	19 Q to K3	K to Q2
6 P to Q3	P to K4	20 P to Q4	P to Q4
7 Q to P	P to K4	21 Q to K3	K to Q2
8 K to R	P to K4	22 P to Q4	P to Q4
9 P to Q3	P to K4	23 Q to K3	K to Q2
10 Q to P	P to K4	24 P to Q4	P to Q4
11 Q to K2	P to K4	25 P to Q4	P to Q4
12 Q to K2	P to K4	26 P to Q4	P to Q4
13 K to R3	P to K4	27 Q to K3	K to Q2
14 Q to R4	P to K4	28 K to Q2	P to Q4
15 K to R3	P to K4	29 Q to K3	K to Q2
16 K to R	P to K4	30 P to Q4	P to Q4
17 K to R	P to K4	31 Q to K3	K to Q2
18 K to R	P to K4	32 K to Q2	P to Q4

White mates in five moves.

White has taken off the B.

(a) K to P one forcing exchange of Q's would have been better.

(b) To liberate his R.

(c) If

21 P to K3 (ch)

22 Q to R2 (ch)

23 Kt to K5 (ch)

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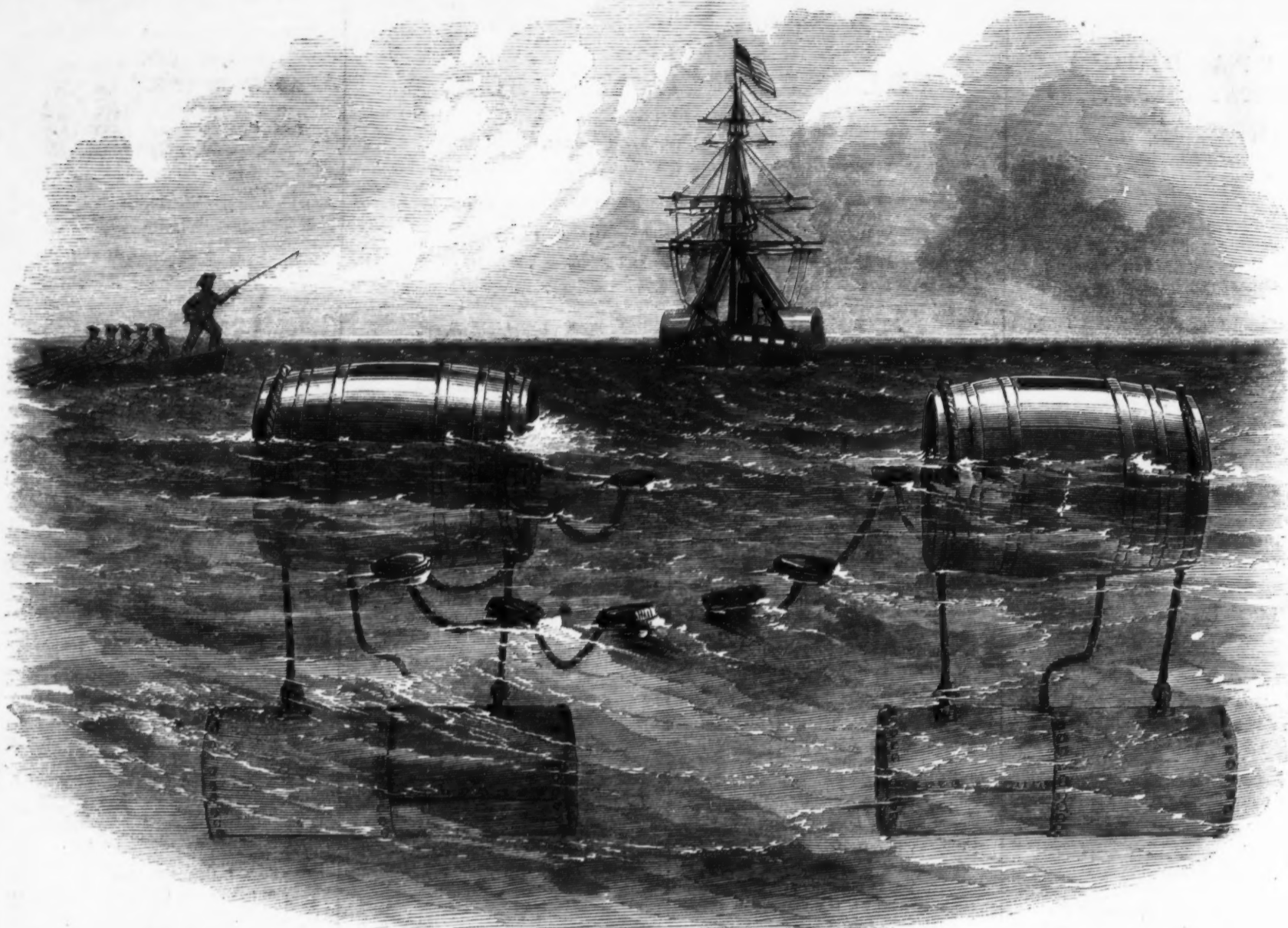
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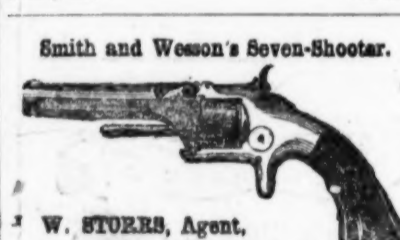
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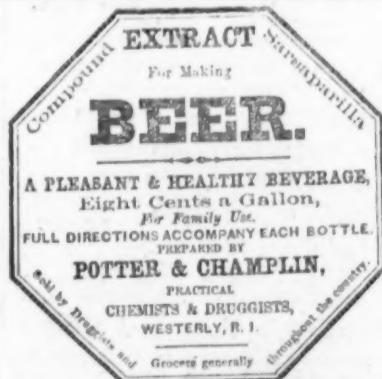
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